

THE
Successful Strangers :
A
TRAGI-COMEDY.
As it is ACTED
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
BY
His MAJESTY's Servants.

WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM MOUNTFORT.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *W. Freeman*, at the *Bible*, over-
against the *Middle-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-*
street, 1696.

Successful Strangers

TRAGEDY

AS PERFORMED

AT THE

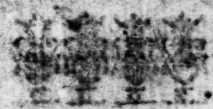
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16/3



To the Right Honourable THOMAS WHARTON;
*Comptroller of his Majesties Household, and one of
his Majesties most Honourable Privy Council.*

S I R,

I Know Addresses of this Nature are commonly founded on Flattery; and when Interest guides the Pen, (without a just esteem free from a *Mercenary* end) 'tis hard to avoid it. 'Tis easier to be an *Author* then a *Judge*, and harder to be *Impartial* in *Commendation* then either: For where the known *verity* of the Character proves its Title to Applause, the Nicety is so great, that the Admirer must approach with such a decent Respect, that the *Patron* may not have more or less praise then is requisite, and then the *Writer* may desie Censure.

I know not which is the greatest Pleasure in others, That of receiving Favours, or acknowledging of 'em ; But in me the latter exceeds the first. And as your Honour was never backward in serving the poorest Petitioner, I hope you will not be shy of receiving the thanks of your humblest Admirer.

It has been the greatest part of your Satisfaction to be in Power to serve your Friends; nor is it possible any Advantage or Preferment could corrupt you into the forgetfulness of 'em. All your Favours come from you so easie, so free from State, or Expectation of Attendance from those you assist, that a man would almost wish to want, only to be obliged by so much goodness.

What you now possess was accepted for the benefit of the Publick, not the Profit of the Employment: And the People are safest when the Affairs of the Nation are manag'd by those who are above *Bribes*, and have not their Fortunes to make out of 'em.

Much more may be said, but the World is so very sensible of the *Honour*, *Generosity*, and *Worthiness*, which attend you, That my weak *Panegirick* would sound like a Tale ill and twice told to a Person who had both heard, and could deliver it better. I only wish I may never lose the Happiness I now enjoy, in subscribing my self

Your Honours most Obliged,
Humble, and Devoted Servant;

Will. Mountfort.

T H E

Preface to the Reader.

IT has been a hard matter for the most Celebrated Pens to please all humours; The best of Writers have err'd, therefore the worst may the better be excused. All young Trees are allowed time to bear, and a poor Soyl with diligence and care, has by degrees Rewarded the pains of the Husband-man. I am not unsensible of my Imperfections, nor of the necessary Assistances I want in writing: In the first place, I must confess I am no Schollar, which renders me Incapable of stealing from Greek and Latin Authors, as the better Learned have done; the dressing of an old Thought in new Words, is an Excellency I should be ashamed of, could I do it to Perfection. A silver Tankard may be melted down, and work'd up into a Cup with Ears, nay, fine figures engrav'd upon it too, yet the mettle's the same, though the fashion be alter'd.

I have a natural Inclination to Poetry, which was born and not bred in me; I endeavour to do well, but have not Learning enough to be positive it is so; yet my Industry should not be despised, when I confess my weakness; But the Town are as unwilling to encourage a young Author, as the Play house a young Actor; well, time may work Miracles; I am sensible if Dr. Busby had slighted all his Junior Block-heads, scarce Divinity or Poetry had arriv'd to that unexpected Perfection as is now extant.

I know I have a great many Enemies, but why they are so, is more than they know, I cannot remember any person I ever injur'd willingly: If my opinion be Obnoxious to some, why, that I must account for Above. And 'tis very hard I may not enjoy;

The Preface to the Reader.

enjoy it here, when my side's uppermost; and yet those who are of a contrary mind, are allowed theirs quietly. I thought I had been beneath their scorn, but I find their malice excuses none.

I have heard a Judge (who has writ; but was advis'd not to expose it) say there was scarce a Poet left worth hanging, but I wish those that are, had their Deserts; my Comedy in the Play probably is not so Light, nor the serious part of it so heavily managed as it ought to be, yet the Masters of the Play-house lost nothing by it, nor will the Printer I hope, though it sells for Twelve Pence.

Well, to shew you I am an encourager of Poetry, I have Printed some Verses, which but for my good nature, might have been buried in Oblivion; but I think 'tis pitty a Style so Elegant (attended with such Prodigious Fancy) should be lost: They were sent me from an unknown hand by the way of Instruction.

Immortal Mountfort should begin this Letter,
But that thy Play's as mortal as a better,
But let what will of that be said,
'thas made provision for the Parsly bed;
A pretty portion for thy eldest Daughter,
(At which the Minor Poets mouths make Water)
Who didst with little wit and much ill Nature,
So soon set up for Comedy and Satyr;
Prithy be free thou lucky Rogue,
How came thy Jests so much invogue,
That 'tis a mode to laugh and do 'em reason,
Least those who dont, should be brought in for Treason.
Well, Faith and Troth thou art a happy Dog,
And canst design and flatter, fawn and Cog,
With a whole Audience, banter'd by an Epilogue,

When

The Preface to the Reader.

When next thou dost employ thy working Brains,
Take modestly thy Fate, Husband thy Gains,
And learn to speak with Reverence of James.

That last Rhime I think is Admirable, though if he had had Stairs to his Brains, it might have chim'd as well. I dont know that I meddle with any State Affairs in my Play; and for Satyr, I'll swear he has found out what I never meant.

Perhaps these Verses may seem a little gross, but they are dismal severe: And I have charity to believe they were writ off hand, for really as Mr. Bays says, I dont believe when the Person invented 'em, he ever troubled his head about it: I wonder if this Gentleman cost Omnipotence a second thought, if he did, I have heard second thoughts are best, and I cannot help saying it cost Omnipotence its best thoughts, how to make one of the worst Poets.

Here is another facetious piece as Ironically meant, as the former was seriously design'd; it was sent me as from a Woman, to make it go down the glibber; and I think I could not do the Author justice (any other way) but in Printing it.

Hail thou the Shakspear of our present age,
Who dost at once, supply and grace the Stage
With different proofs of thy surprizing wit,
Vying with what the establish'd Pens have writ;
Young Muse go on, whose early purchas'd Praise
Contentends with Lawriet and decaying Bays,
Nor is't unjust to sacrifice both them,
To thy aspiring, and as hopeful Pen,
Since Emulation stil's the Poets aim,
And his most lov'd Reward, but glorious fame;

Just

The Preface to the Reader.

Just Praise will raise thy soering Muse still higher,
And add new Vigour, Spirit, Life, and Fire,
To what thy fruitful Brain shall more acquire ;
But to encrease the wonder of thy pen,
Thou art not now, more learn'd then *Shakespear* then,
Who to th' amaze of the more Letter'd men,
Minted such thoughts from his own Natural Brain,
As the great Readers, since could ne're attain,
Though daily they the stock of Learning drain,
Nature most justly, in thy Play is seen,
Easie the Plot, and turning of each Scene ;
Thy Similies so new, that they surprize
Like a fresh Beautie's bright, all-conquering eyes,
Thy words with artless Grace so smoothly flow,
That like soft *Waller's* verse, thy Prose does show ;
Harmonious is the sound, tunes every Line,
More pleasing far, then Gingleing tiresome Rhime,
Those few will nicely taste the sweeter Chime,
Whose Soul's compos'd of numbers, like to thine.
Already hast thou learnt the Art to move
From nicest honour, to the tender'st Love,
And gently dost instruct the blushing maid,
How soon her Love, is still by Love betray'd
Into a soft Confession of her flame
For him that dies for what, he dares not name.
This last writ Play discovers to in thee,
Something like Reading, and Philosophy,
Else how could'st thou, with such judicious art,
Copy true nature in each various part.
The lower Comedy which seems design'd
To please th'unthinking crowd, and less Refin'd,

Even

The Preface to the Reader.

Even that is natural, brisk, correct, and free,
Has the true Salt, and Spirit of Comedy :
May it succeed, and please the carping Age,
Who snarlingly enjoy'd thy Pucelage,
As vex't the first should so much pleasure give,
Foretelling that the next would longer live.
Have Courage then, and be no more afraid,
You need not act again the bashful Maid :
Let not the fate of that discourage thee,
But listen to fam'd *Waller's* Prophesie.

“ The fading Blossom's, which a young Plant bears,
“ Ingage our Hopes for the succeeding years ;
“ And Hope is all which Art or Nature brings
“ At the first Tryal to accomplish things.
“ Mankind was first created an Essay,
“ That ruder Draught, the Deluge wash'd away.
“ How many Ages past, what Blood and Toil,
“ Before we made one Kingdom of this Isle.
How long in vain, had Nature striv'd to frame
An acting Poet, till great *Shakspher* came ; }
And thou the next wilt Rival him in Fame. }
Unknown Admirer, as I am of thee,
Whom nothing could debauch to Poetry,
But the strange Zeal I have to do thee Right,
Maugre my Sex's weakness, Nature's spight.
I'll hope good Nature so will interpose,
You'll not these well-meant Lines a Jest expose
To lashing Criticks, whose ill-natur'd rage
Blow off young Blossoms in this *Satirick* Age.
To th' blushing Flames let it committed be,
In silence dye, there only slain--by thee.

The Preface to the Reader.

Now I am not at all concern'd at this, nor do, or did I ever write for Fame: And when I chance to write again, (as indeed all my Works are hab nab at a Venture) if the Town will be as kind to my next third day, as they were to my last, I shall leave my Poetry to the utmost Severity of their Censure, and end with an approv'd Saying, If I have their Money, much good may do them with their Jest.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

D ON Carlos, a haughty Spaniard, in Love with Dorothea, but married to <i>Biancha</i> at last.	}	Mr. Williams.
<i>Silvio</i> , a stranger in Love with <i>Dorothea</i> .		Mr. Mountfort.
<i>Antonio</i> , Brother to <i>Silvio</i> , the other stranger in Love with <i>Felician</i> a.	}	Mr. Povel.
<i>Don Lopez</i> , a Rich old covetous Spaniard; Father to <i>Felician</i> a and <i>Dorothea</i> .		Mr. Nokes.
<i>Don Francisco</i> , an old Spaniard, Father to <i>Don Carlos</i> .		Mr. Lee.
<i>Don Pedro</i> , Father to <i>Biancha</i> .		Mr. Bright.
<i>Guzman</i> , Serv. to <i>Carlos</i> , and intrigues with <i>Farmosa</i> .		Mr. Underhill.
<i>Sancho</i> , Serv. to <i>Silvio</i> , an English-man pick't up in England.	}	Mr. Bowen.

W O M E N.

<i>Dorothea</i> , in a manner engaged to <i>Carlos</i> , but in Love with <i>Silvio</i> .	}	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Felician</i> a, her sister in Love with <i>Antonio</i> .		Mrs. Mountfort.
<i>Farmosa</i> , Woman to <i>Dorothea</i> .		Mrs. Corey.
<i>Biancha</i> in Love with <i>Carlos</i> .		Mrs. Bracegirdle.
A Neice to <i>Don Pedro</i> .		Mrs. Miles.

Dons, Attendants, Fiddlers, Bravo's, &c.

SCENE *Sevill*.

P R O.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

WELL, worthy Auditors, I am come again,
 To plead in the behalf of a weak Pen;
 Quaking within the expecting wretch does sit,
 To hear the dreadful sentence of the Pit.
 Some are resolv'd (he hears) it shall be damn'd,
 Only because 'tis from a Players hand;
 Sure we have acted some notorious Treason,
 You'll not allow the Men, nor do us reason;
 Our Women are as kind as may be too,
 But nothing but a Maid forsooth will do,
 And her twice hat, rot her; she was not so;
 You turn her off upon some base pretence,
 So making her a fool, proves you have sense;
 How many of our poor deluded train,
 Have been took off the Stage and sent again.
 One day high dress'd as any intriguing Sinner,
 The next, poor riggings pawn'd to buy 'em dinner,
 So from that greatness, still grow less and less,
 Commend me to a Huswife for a miss.
 Before the silly Creatures you debauch'd,
 You made high presents, some of 'em were coach'd,
 Some on first floor did lodge, in plate did feast,
 And nothing but tit bits cou'd they digest;
 Toys of all sorts, with Squirrel, Lizzard, Parrot,
 And in three Months, O flesh! how cou'd they bear it,
 In clogs did beat the hoof, and lay in Garret;
 Some sparks have told me they wou'd do as much,
 If I had grace enough to be but such;
 Nay, I was offer'd fifty Skillings ——— Dutch.
 But — to our Author ———
 Cou'd but the Females see, how very sad
 He looks, they'd pity such a likely Lad,
 But hang him slave, he's married, there's the curse,
 Ah Devil for this better and for worse.
 Well Gallants, be impartial to him this day,
 If his Play's bad, damn him indeed I say;
 But if by chance, he has writ it to your mind,
 As ever you expect my heart to find
 Inclenable to you, be kind to him,
 And Ladies if you smile, we doubt not them.

The First A C T.

Enter Don Carlos, and his Man Guzman.

S C E N E I. A Garden.

Carlos. **H**Ave I invented numerous pleasures for her?
Wasted my plenty to advance Her State?

Was I the first that set her up for shew?

Nourish'd her Emulation, still with presents

Which rais'd the Envy of the Spanish Dames,

Because their Lovers could not match my gifts?—

Guzm. Good Sir, don't chafe so!—

Carl. Arts have been puzzl'd and Invention tir'd,

To humour her affected Luxury;

There's not a fence she has, but as it pall'd,

I still supply'd with change!

Guz. Nay, you have had enough to do to please her,

For she has been as humoursome, as Breeding Quality,

When the Family wants an Heir.

Carl. Damn her foul feeding, on this course *Plebeian*,

For were he Noble he would own his Being,

It is some first Rate Servant to a *Frenchman*,

Whose Singing, Dancing, Tilting h'has been learn'd,

By his observance, when his Master practis'd.

Guz. What a dull dog am I, without these Graces!

I have seen as much as any man;

Remember as little, and perform less!

If I get but a Horse-back,

They swear I look like a Monster on a Monster;

And quote me for a figure in *St. Antony's Dream*.

Carl. O Love! thou woman in the man, and woman mans,

Ill Planet curse on ye both.

Guz. Prettily describ'd, and heartily curst!

His Honour's as fancifull as a *Dutch-Print*.

Carl. When yesterday I led her from the Church,

Amongst the Crowd this thing admiring stood,

B

Each

(2.)

Each Gallant did his dayly duty Pay,
She unconcern'd without return pass'd by 'em;
I was amaz'd at this unusual Carriage;
But as I wondering stood to guess the Cause,
This upstart with a tedious grace Saluted,
Whilst she to satisfy him, 'twas approv'd,
With the like lazy movement, answer'd it.

Guz. This comes of good breeding. Our Country's fam'd
For't: He that's mannerly here, Ten to one but
He's poyson'd, my Beaver's worn out with
My Serving man's Curtesy!

Carl. Peace Fool! This Morning will I watch her!
For if he cherishes what last she gave him
He will be there again to covet more.

I will observe their Glances eagerly;
Eyes will sufficient Testimony give,
Then, if I am resolv'd of what I dread,
Her spruce Adorer I'll dispose of quickly.

Guz. Sir! If your passion would abate a while,
To serve you: I'd discover something to you.
Tho', 'tis not like a Man of *Guzmans* Honour,
To boast of what his Rhetorick has obtain'd.

Carl. What says the Coxcomb?

Guz. The Coxcomb has done Sir:

Carl. Sirrah, restrain your Follies till you find my temper
Fitter to receive 'em.

Guz. If your temper desires to be inform'd, whether
Your Mistresses Inclinations bend more to another
Then your self, slight not my Intelligence.

Carl. Prethee--- say any thing, for I am so wrackt
With my suspicions I could destroy the Sex.

Guz. Know then: (oh secrecy forgive me!) Her Maid,
(Pardon me, my frailty:) I have—

Carl. What?

Guz. Enjoy'd!

Carl. What then?

Guz. Why then she's a Whore: But her sin is the less
Because that she pays for't.

Carl. Prolixity! go on, what comfort must I hope from
this—Speak!

Guz. Why you'r as hasty as an Heir for his Fathers
Death, or a Gamster for his Wive, when he has
Lost all.

Carl. Slave!

Guz.

Guz. This Damsell, I say, being fond of my parts,
And being the Closet of her Mistresses thoughts
Will sincerely instruct me, in all her affairs, which
Being inform'd of, you'll the better contrive the ruine
Of him, you doubt will be yours.

Carl. Is thy discovery Faithfull?

Guz. As the love of Spaniels!

Carl. O! thou hast given my longings vast delight!
For to be certain is my Souls Ambition;
These secret-bearing Bawds are oft of use,
Money and Lust corrupt the Hearts of all:
Not Man the Judge of Honour can withstand 'em.
Kingdoms have been betray'd by first and last,
And Families are still debauch't by Confidents.
Here's Gold for thee—pay her in other Coin,
Sift out the Truth and all I have—

Guz. I'll hav't Sir.

Carl. Away then,
I must to Church, wait on my wav'ring Love,
Take heed she knows not that I set thee on;
For if this Stranger has presented Her,
As 'tis the Trade to make such Trulls our friends:
He that the largest guifts does still bestow,
Must be her Chapman: Therefore do't secretly.

Guz. As Bankers break Sir—She Sleeps in Ignorance:
For I have read a Proverb heretofore ---
Learn Secrets from, but trust none with your Whore.

[Exit.]

Carl. O Jealousy—Thou evill fruit in
Lovers Paradise, which tasted, forfeits
All our Happiness.

Enter Don Francisco.

Fran. For shame boy don't loiter so! why, the Sun
Has took leave of his Mistress these four hours,
And thou hast not visited thine yet.

Carl. I am ready Sir.

Fran. And I'll warrant she's ready for thee boy, or the Woman has
fail'd her, thy Mother was ready for me at all times, nay sometimes
readier then I; but not till I was Five and Forty by the Champion of
Spain.

Carl. Are you for Church Sir?

Fran. No I leave the Church for such young Fellows as you are, you
have debauch'd it so among you that Heav'n has forsook it.

Carl. Forsook Church Sir, why where does it inhabit then?

Fran. Where? why in Sanctified thoughts, Holy and Private Closets, Strict and devout living.

Carl. Why is not the Church Sanctified, holy, strict, and devout?

Fran. The Church, ay Sir, but what are the Congregations watchers of Eyes, Dressing admirers, Insinuating Leerer, Hypocritical Fawners, Debauching Gallants, bribe-taking Servants, promising bawds, Mothers that sell their Childrens, Children that cheat their Mothers, Fluttering Courtiers, Strutting Merchants, Affected Gay-Fops, Baboones of fifty mimiking Apes of five and twenty, proud Heiresses, Fortune-Plundering Soldiers, Hectoring Bravo's, Coy-seeming Maids, Leud wives, Painted Widdows, and pocky Whores by *St. Iago*.

Carl. I'll take my Mistress Sir from such ill Company as soon as I can.

Fran. Well said, do boy, marry her quickly, the sooner the better; thou may'st loose her yet, she may be Stole in the mumbling of a *Pater-Noster*, or the humming of an *Amen*; there are perking, prinking, Daunting Finicall Rogues a purpose for such business.

Carl. O my Spleen stifles me at his chance saying.

[*knocks within.*]

Fran. By *St Iago* there's the Father of thy Mistress, he's come about the Agreement for the Marriage; Here let him in, take the Key of the Garden door with thee.

Carl. O for a key to unlock his Daughters Soul: If she be false, this Justice I will have to see the curst occasion in his Grave. [*Exit.*]

Fran. Now concerning this match, I have a Confounded old Rogue to deal with; He has no more Conscience than a Soldier in free Quarter; And as fond of his money as a Priest of a fresh Convert; As proud as a Darling Statesman, as Positive as an Affected Wit, as Sullen as neglected merit, and more troublesome, if possible, than the Civil Law. It has cost me the Devill and all to maintain this Amour: A confounded Extravagant Rogue of a Son too, has presented her profusely—A Pox of her pride, It has cost me 5000 Crowns the wooing of her. By *St. Iago*, in England a Man might have layn with the whole Nation for half the money.

Enter Don Lopez.

Signior Lopez. good day to you.

Lop. The like to you *Signior Francisco*.

Fran. Will you walk *Signior Lopez*, or shall we sit down on this bank?

Lop. I am indifferent warm with walking hither, if it please you let's sit.

Fran. With all my heart—within there? [*Enter Servants.*]

Give

Give us some Chocolate, Brother that must be, to our Affairs concerning our Children. [*Exit.*]

Lop. Why truly the charge of Children is of great concern, of mighty moment Brother, and Girls more chargeable, more dangerous, and much more troublesome than Boys : you I think have but one Son; ah happy man, you're in no fear for his miscarriage, he can't scandalize a Family so much as a Daughter.

Fran. He can't be got with Child indeed, but for every thing else, I think boys are full as troublesome : they're either given to Fighting, Drinking, Gaming, or Whoring ; If they're given to Fighting, Fifty to one but they're kill'd, and a hundred to one but in a Whores quarrell ; then probable the name of a Family is lost by it ; if to Drinking, why, if 'tis bad Wine it flings 'em into a fever, which is damnable expensive, there's Doctors and Apothecaries, Rogues that get a Livelyhood by destroying of others ; and kill or cure, they must be paid : which is very hard upon the Subject ; If to Gaming, why, If he has Indulgent Parents he's undone for ever, and if to Whoring, he may rot with the Pox.

Lop. Ah ! That Pox Brother, is almost Epedemicall ; They say 'twas begot by an *Italian* on a *French Woman*, sent to Nurse into *England*, and brought hither by some Cavaliers in the time of the late Civil Wars.

Fran. Why 'tis a burning shame, a Crying Sin Brother, and they dye (they say) in greater numbers than they recover.

Lop. Why 'tis great pitty there is not an Order Instituted by the Government here among Physicians, *No Cure, No Money.*

Fran. By *Esculapius* they'd starve in a month then, you'd see a greater havock amongst them then ever they made among us.

Well, but to our Children :

Lop. Why, ay *Seignior*, to come to the Point. You know I have two Daughters, they must both be provided for, indeed if my daughter *Filly* had dyed of her disaster, I could have made your Sons Mistress a much better Fortune.

Fran. Why *Feliciania* is the youngest, is she not ?

Lop. Yes, yes.

Fran. Why, I tell you what I design'd by my young Son, whom I lost at Sea, *Octavio*, had he liv'd, and I dy'd before him, I would never have robb'd the Eldest ; For I think it a Sin unpardonable : I would have left him Sole Governour of his Brother, and natural honour would have made him provide for him.

Lop. Ay, but natural honour will not do in my Case : A Sister can't do like a Brother ; For when once she's Married, the Power is lost, and tho' she has Inclinations to be Gen'rous, the Husband does often deny it.

Fran. I dare swear for my boy *Carlos*, my dear boy *Carlos* would let her want nothing.

Lop.

Lop. That might send her out of the World. [*aside.*]
 If you will settle 2000 Crowns *per Annum* on your Son; and make my Daughter a Joynture of 500 Crowns *per annum*, I will give him 20000 Crowns with her.

Fra. 20000. Why my Son has presented her to the vallue of 5000 Crowns in one thing or another.

Lop. Ay but that will be his again you know.

Fra. His again, but with your leave, you give but 15000 Crowns with her at that rate.

Enter Servants with Chocolate, who place themselves of each side of Lop. and Fran.

Serv. Here's Chocolate, Sir.

Fra. Fill, fill therefore Brother, I think your oblig'd in honour to give her 5 and 20000 and then—

Lop. In honour *Seignior*

[*rises*]

Fra. Ay in honour *Seignior*

[*rises*]

Lop. Why, I know what belongs to honour as well as you.

Fra. You don't practise it tho'.

Lop. Think better of your Countrys Constitution, and provoke not, with such Indecent Insolencies; Consider who I am.

Fra. Who you are.

Lop. Ay:

Fra. Ay:

Lop. Ay.

Fra. Why you are,

Lop. What?

Fra. What?

Lop. Ay, what?

Fra. Why, you are an old Fellow as old as my self, nor better nor stouter.

Lop. Ignominious Comparison, think of what House I come from:

Fra. From home for ought I know, and thither you may return.

Lop. Expect to answer this.

Fra. I will.

Lop. You shall, This for thy Son.

[*beats down Chocolate*]

Fra. This for thy Daughter.

[*strikes down*]

Lop. O! I've Scalded my hand,

Fra. O my Leg, damn'd careless Dogs

[*beats hopping.*]

Lop. 'Tis Lam'd for ever; Oh revenge!

Fra. Hang thy self;

Lop. Burn thy self;

Fra. Damn'd villains, blind villains.

Lop.

(7)

Lop. I'll heale my hand in thy hearts blood.

Fra. I'll bury my Legs in thy Guts, Doggs, hell-hounds, Sacrilegious, Impious : [Beats 'em off hopping.]

Lop. O ! I shan't be able to push this month.

Exit.

S C E N E II. A Street.

Enter Silvio.

Silvio. Here she must pass, here throngs admiring *Spain*,
To Gaze upon the Excellence it boasts of :
It Smil'd upon me yesterday, and with a Comfortable glance,
Gave me a promise of a Blooming hope :
Particularly she return'd my Complement,
The Haughty *Dona* that led her Look'd disturb'd,
Grudging the mighty favour she bestow'd ;
In all the Publick Entertainments too,
She has seem'd pleas'd with what I still perform'd ;
And by her eyes has given me often notice,
She would discourse me if she knew but how ;
Sure She'll be angry with my fix'd observance,
For I shall gaze with such amazement on her ;
My Strict admiring may appear Idolatrous.

Enter Severall Dons.

How the Crowd Swells and like Encreasing waves
Each backward Gallant presses his foregoer.

Enter Carlos leading Dorothea, Feliciano after her, the Gallants all bow in their turn : Dorothea drops her Glove, Silvio takes it up.

Madam your Glove.

Dor. Nay, keep it Sir, and this, you have made 'em both your own
by touching one, I scorn to wear what
Strangers hands defile. [She pulls off her Glove and flings it down.]

Car. Stranger, you're fawcy.

Sil. Spaniard, you're happy.

Car. Madam, you are too much i'th' Sun :

Sil. If this be not Encouragement, I'm Stupid,
Design'd by Heav'n purely design'd, I saw it,
Perceiv'd how her disdain was Counterfeited,
And how my Sullen Rival Interpos'd betwixt
Me and her Eyes ; up you Blessed present, here

Next

Next my heart remain—ha—here's something
 In 'em, it sticks; A Letter by my Soul directed to me,
 Sure the Contents contains Felicity. [opens it and reads.]

Sir,

You have Committed an Error dangerous, tho' unwillingly, and your Ignorance may prove as fatal to us, as your self. Therefore be at the Porch of St. Gregory at Eight this Evening, from whence you shall be Conducted to one who will inform you better—if you dare venture—fast not—

Thou shalt find I fear nothing.

Oh Love, be Just in what thou seem'st to incline.

And this bless'd day shall be for ever thine.

[Exit.]

SCENE. III. Don Lopez House.

Enter Carlos, and Dorothea.

Car. Madam, this Strangers most amazing Insolence
 My Honour must Correct, or else be Censured;
Spain's Custom pleads against such Liberty,
 If we allow it now 'twill grow upon us.

Dor. Your Honour ought to let him pass neglected,
 To question him would argue a suspicion,
 Let the thing unregarded sleep in Silence.

Car. Unpunish'd the Insulter may presume,
 His Arrogance is Cherish'd.

Dor. If the conceit can give him satisfaction,
 Let him Enjoy it since 'tis all he'll meet with.

Carl. How this affected carelessness betrays her;
 Madam, with leave he must return your Gloves.

Dor. Why, are they such a Fortune?

Carl. Great Fortune, and great favour to a Stranger
 The Splendid'st Dons that strut in shining *Spain*
 Would Worship 'em above their Popular Saint.

Dor. I should be Guilty then o'th Superstition,
 If Bigotted admirers so esteem me;
 I'm safer far in his Indifference,
 Which can't affect such a Blaspheming zeal.

Carl. But Madam, I must urge again,
 Our Countreys Custom is enroacht upon.

Dor. The Custom of our Country none can match,
 Nor is there any Nation under Heav'n
 Guilty of such Barbaritys as this:
 What is but decent Curtesy elsewhere,

Produces

Produces here good reasons for a Murther;
 Fally pretending honour prompts you to't,
 As honour were a Countenance for baseness,
 No, 'tis the just mistrust upon your usage
 In your Confining of us every way;
 And If Suspicion ne're so poor but catch you,
 Never ask why, but mischief must ensue.

Carl. Madam your Argument has sure been Study'd,
 That thus you shew our Country all at once;
 Me thinks you argue with more tenderneſs
 For this ſame Stranger then your virtue ought.

Dor. There peeps the nature of your Souls again.
 You'd make us leave the world before we're wives;
 Were I but Miſtreſs of my ſelf, I would not
 Be a Nun out of a Cloyſter, That Free-born
 Woman that a Spaniard weds, may ſhe be
 Kept from what ſhe marrys for.

Carl. 'Tis well you have a Father to Controle you Lady.

Dor. That's my Jail-keeper whiſt I am ſingle,
 You'l ſhortly take the Office off his hands:
 Oh happy *England, Holland, France*, where women
 Have the freedom of the Light.

Carl. The Sun is not ſo fierce upon 'em there,
 Our Climate heats our blood and makes us wanton.

Dor. I never yet heard any of our Wives
 Complain o'th heat, o'th Climate in their Husbands:

Carl. Madam, *Lop.* within.—*Why Dory, Dory,*

Dor. *Seignior.* *Lop.* *Dorothea my Darling.*

Enter Don Lopez who ſtarts at Don Carlos.

Carl. *Seignior*, Good day, I am glad to ſee you well.

Lop. *Seignior* yours.

Do you love my Daughter *Don Carlos*?

Carl. D'you doubt it Sir?

Lop. I hope I need not.

Dor. What means he?

Lop. Answer me one thing: ſay ſhe ſhould dye, or ſhould be forc'd
 from thee, or any accident ſhould rob thee of her, would it not much
 torment thee?

Carl. Wretches in boyling Lead, or ſteep'd in Snow,
 Not all the Plagues I could Invent for him
 Should rob me of her, could match the
 Torment ſuch a Loſs would bring.

C

Lop.

Lop. Better and better.

Carl. I am glad it pleases you.

Lop. And I am glad she pleases you.

Carl. Good Sir, what ails your Arm?

Lop. No matter for my Arm, since thou lov'st my Daughter : why Dory Dory, Fathers none Joy why dost thou weep ? prithee be good Company with me ; For my part I am so pleas'd with what he has assured me, that my Arm that has Pain'd me, did pain me, does pain me, shall pain me, neither has, does, or did, or ever shall more, Call up my Servants.

Carl. Are you then agreed ?

Lop. Ay, ay, call up my Servants, you'r sure you love her :

Carl. By all that's holy.

Lop. Enough, enough, why where are my Servants ? Certain you love her.

Carl. Do I live Sir.

Lop. Why *Dorothea*, love none but her ?

Carl. None Sir.

Lop. Why, my hearts delight *Dory* little *Dory*, nor will you ever love any but her ?

Carl. Never, Oh blessing !

Dor. Oh Curse !

Lop. Swear it and witness it.

Carl. May Heav'n for ever Curse me

Both here and hereafter if ever

I Love ought but *Dorothea*.

Lop. And may Heav'n for ever Curse me here and hereafter, if ever thou seest her more.

Carl. What said you Sir ?

Lop. Lord Sir, I can hear without that noise, and you shall hear it again that you shall, never see her more : So either Boyl thy self, or Starve thy self, Shoot, Broyl, Fry, Drown, Hang or Damn thy self, As the Devil and you shall think fit.

Carl. Impossible.

Lop. Nay I believe you'l scarce do any of 'em.

Carl. You mock me sure.

Lop. Yes, yes, as your Father did me.

Carl. My Father :

Lop. Ay, think upon pains to torture him, for he has rob'd thee of her ; go out of my house ; the next time my doors inclose thee, the building is thy Monument.

Carl. Thinkst thou that I will bear this tamely ?
I tell thee *Lopez* thou shalt smart for this.

Lop. I tell thee *Carlos*, I do smart for this Daughter,

Go in.

Dor. Good buy to you Sir.

[walks up to Carlos

[and Smiles

*Exit.**Carl.* Damnation.*Lop.* That be your Doom.

For if you lov'd my Child your Hell's to come.

Carl. If I am Damn'd I'll not alone be lost,
Lopez thy Family attends my Ghost.

[Exit severally.

The Second A C T.

S C E N E. I. A Hall.

Enter Guzman and Farmosa.

Guz. N Ay, prethee *Farmosa*,*Far.* Avaunt Traytor, hang thy self false one.*Guz.* Nay, why in this fury?*Far.* Have I not reason, have I beheld thy Eyes

This three days; did I yield up my Honour my unspotted Virginity?

Guz. Of fifty years standing, an old dry'd Pumpkin.*Far.* To such an unworthy Perjur'd Villain, and no sooner obtain'd,
but slighted, like a Jugglers trick when 'tis discover'd.*Guz.* Indeed there was no great Conjuring in thine:*Far.* I could keep nothing from you, told you my Love, and gave
you my Love; what tho' I did languish for you, must I reveal it like a
fool, could I not keep it to my self? Ah wo be to those that make their
Secrets known, so I say. Time was that the Cock should never wake
the Morning, nor the Owl welcome Night, but *Farmosa* should be vi-
sited; But now I am laid by, like an old Deed, which when once prov'd
is Examin'd no more.*Guz.* These Stale Maids are so Amorous; Why I have been out of
Town *Farmosa*, my Master has had bus'ness for me, to prepare things
for his Wedding, which I suppose may be unspoke again, or else I would
no more have been from thee, then a Gander from his Goose when she's
a hatching.*Far.* Go, go, 'tis False, my Fondness has made you loath me.

Guz. Loath thee, thy voice is sweeter then the Early Lark's, (and shriller,) Thy breath's as fragrant as a foggy Morning ; Thy cheeks appear like Roses (Dried for Cakes) And Dimples like the Hollows of two Ovens ; Thou art all over Admirable (ugly)

Far. Away, away, you flatter me [*pats him on the Cheek*]

Guz. By this, and this, I speak my Soul.

Far. And will you always love me?

Guz. Hum— [*Hugs her.*]

Now tell me my *Farmosa*,
The reason of this breach between our Family.

Far. Why know you not the quarrell 'twixt my Master and your own?

Guz. Ah, but is that all the Cause?

Far. All that I know of.

Guz. Has not our Lady think you some aversion to the Person of my Master, has she not seen a Stranger whose Gay Demeanour and Accomplishments has plaid the *Cupid* in her heart.

Far. What mean you?

Guz. Nay my *Farmosa*, if thou lov'st, be Reall, is there a Secret I would keep from thee, by this there is not. [*kisses*]

Far. I never see you but for Information, and you are as short in your visits as an Eminent Physitian, I am the Pulse by whose beating you find out my Mistresses Inclinations, and when you once know the state of her Body never Enquire after mine.

Guz. This night I'll give thee proof of my Enquiry,
But prithee tell me, has not our *Spanish* Dame
Some Longings for an *English* Breed?

Far. Why truly I guess some such thing, but have no positive Demonstration.

Guz. Does she not seem to be in Love?

Far. How seem?

Guz. Does she not sigh and covet being alone, make Contrary Answers sometimes to Questions ; Does she not slight her meat ; and with her Knife scratch figures on her plate, mince her fruit small, then toss it up and down, fancy strange things it'h fire and in the Clouds, blush if she hears an Englishman but mention'd, does she not read Romances, and delight much in standing at the window of an evening, cry sometimes to thee Oh *Farmosa*, then stop as if she had forgot her self, Complain she cannot sleep, and of odd Dreams.

Far. Why, are these signs of Love?

Guz. O Great ones :

Far. Then surely I am so :

Guz. Pox on thy observation!

Far.

Fra. For I can sit and sigh a whole day long, fancy strange things
 't'wix fire, love standing at the window, love reading of Amours, there
 are but two things we differ in.

Guz. Prithee what are they?

Fra. Why I eat heartily and sleep soundly :

Guz. Thy sighs will never give thee the Chollick,
 But tell me did'st never observe any of this in her?

Fra. Why truly I have, and if I see you to night, I'll take care to
 get it out of her : not but I know it already, but the Rogue will balk
 me anon if I tell him now.

Guz. Wilt thou be Diligent?

Fra. As a knave for an Employment: Go at ten, I'll wait at the lit-
 tle Back-garden, here take the key, you must go out that way, for if
 you are seen it may cost your Bruises some Brandy :

I'm call'd, Adieu.

[*why Farmosa within*

Guz. One word, hast thou no little Sum to spare thy Lover, no tri-
 sling Doubloon, no Idle Pistol.

Fra. What pay before-hand Signior :

[*Exit running.*

Guz. 'Tis so, she loves this Stranger, and anon I shall know all :

Tis a fine Life we serving-men do Lead :

Our Masters take the Mistress, we the Maid :

If Ladys you'll not have your secrets known ;

Keep us afunder or your work's soon done :

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. A Garden.

Enter Carlos and Francisco.

Fra. What ! turn thee out of Doors?

Carl. Ay Sir, and menac'd me with Death when next I enter'd ;
 I vow'd revenge which but Encreas'd his Laughter,
 When he had Sworn me to Eternall Love,
 And everlasting faith to *Dorothea* :

He render'd all my Oaths ridiculous:

Then with the very Curse which I invok'd,
 If ever I prov'd treacherous to his Daughter,
 He wish'd the like Destruction might seize him,
 If ever more I after that beheld her.

Fra. Why let him keep his two Daughters, Like an old Lott as he is,
 and multiply his Generation himself? What think'st thou *Carlos* of the
 fair *Biancha*, Younger and Richer far then *Dorothea*, who Languishes
 too for thee, and from her Infancy almost has Lov'd thee; besides Boy
 thou know'st thou wert in a manner promis'd to her.

Carl. But Sir, can you so easily forget the villain,

Or

Or tamely suffer such an Arrogance ?
Must all my Presents too be slighted and yet kept ?
Must all—

Fra. Presents, no, I forgot that Boy ; I'll make him refund, or swear him into the Inquisition for Blasphemy.

Carl. No, Since my Love's despis'd I'll court revenge ;
That's now the Mistress of my eager Flames,
which nothing can assuage but *Silvio's* blood.

Fra. Blood, Boy :

Carl. Ay Blood Sir, Rivals blood,
The precious blood that *Dorothea* doats on ;
My wanton hands shall play in the warm Gore ;
Then on her face the purple Scandall print,
And shew my Injuries in lasting Blushes.

Fra. A Rivall Boy ; by the head of our Church thou hast reason, or hold *Carlos*, hold, suppose now we should contrive some dreadfull Infamy ; some terrible disgrace that he may live with ;

Carl. As how Sir ?

Fra. Why as a punishment for his endeavouring to supplant thee in this Ladies Quarters ; we'll make an Eunuch of him : and he shall repent in Anthems.

Carl. An Eunuch—Damn him that would make him bless'd ;
Women are ne're so fond as when secur'd of pleasure
Without Scandall ;

No, 'tis his heart must feed my hungry spleen,
The heart which disinherited my hopes,
And was Adopted Heir of all my wishes.

Fra. Why Murder him ; and there's an end on't :
Don't stand mouthing like a Lawyer that has
Puzled his Cause, and knows not how to get clear
On't ; hang him Dog, have his Throat cut, and
Encourage decay'd Trade ; our Bravo's grow
Pious, the times are so bad, and go to Church
For want of Employment.

Carl. It shall be so, I'll have him set with speed,
Not but I wou'd engage with him alone,
But he that robs my Love deserves it not ;
A Rivall, nay, A Heretick, those words
Here Guilds a Murder wrought by 50 Swords.

[*Exit.*

Fra. So here's a fine Feast providing for the Devil ; I must have a tugg with my old Antagonist for the 5000 Crowns his Daughter has cost me ; Ah that I could persuade this Platonical Fool, this *Dorothea's* Flesh-fly, to Marry *Biancha*, there's a Fortune : Her Father's a Fool too, and might easily be brought to take my Son without a Groat ; damn'd stubborn

stubborn dog—Hum! He knows he is the last of our Family, and knows I am past getting of Children, or I would so penny-bind the Rogue, he should scarce have enough to pay the Fees of his Confessor: Children are great Plagues, not but Parents are great Rogues, tho' sometimes I know not which are the worst:

If the Estate be by the Father Gain'd,
The Childrens duty is by hopes obtain'd
Of what he'll leave 'em: else he might be damn'd;
For when the Estate's entail'd upon the Son,
There's no respect to Parents, 'tis his own,
Scorns 'em on Earth, and laughs at 'em when gone:
So one 'gainst the other may exclaim each hour,
But both of 'em are Rascalls in their Power.

[Exit.]

Scene Changes to the back-side of a Church.

Enter Silvio and Sancho.

Sil. How goes the Evening, *Sancho*?

San. Very nigh Sunset, Sir.

Sil. Be on your Guard, this Country is not to be trusted late.

San. I am provided Sir, Well-Weapon'd, and Well-fed,
Like a Town reliev'd I could fall furiously:

Sil. The God of Day does so his *Tbetis* hast,
In Clouds of Gold and shining purple dres'd,
Each labouring Husbandman its setting waits,
And to his course, but welcome home retreats:
The Drudging Oxen from their Yoaks are freed,
And scattering Ews which on the Mountains fed
Are by their Shepherds to Enclosures led;
Whilst the Gay Chirping Flutterers of the Air
To their own mossy Architects repair.

San. Sir, Sir:

Sil. What say'st thou?

San. Does the Devill ever walk in these holy Countrys?

Sil. I never saw him Sir.

San. I thought he had practice enough in *England* to keep him from
Rambling.

Sil. No *Sancho*, they tell us he's every where:

San. I would not have left it, if I had thought so.

Sil. Why?

San. Because we believe we give the Devil the slip when we go to
another Country.

Sil. Indeed.

San.

Sa. Ay, and that's the reason they say of our Gentrys Travelling so much.

Enter Farmosa in a long black Veil, and strikes Sancho on the Shoulders.

Far. Come with me Seignior !

Sa. I am taken Sir, he has me,

Sil. What are you ?

Far. Is you name *Silvio* ?

Sil. It is.

Far. Follow me then to *Dorothea*.

Sil. Thou hast mention'd one would Charm me any where.

Far. Is not that your Servant ?

Sil. He is.

Far. Take him he may be of use :

Sil. *Sancho*.

[*kicks him.*

Sa. *Satan*.

Sil. Rise for shame, we are all Friends,

Why dost thou not speak ?

[*He rises and stares ; Trembles, but cannot speak, and makes Signes to 'em to be gone.*

Far. His fright has lost his Speech ; come on Sir.

Sil. Where ever thou wilt lead.

A Priest crosses above the Stage, which Sancho seeing.

Exeunt.

Scene Changes to Dorothea's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Dorothea and Feliciana.

Fel. What fall in Love with a Stranger ?

Dor. Well Tyrant, well :

Fel. Nay, upon my Conscience 'tis a Judgment upon thee ;
You that could slight the worthiest of our Countrey,
And walk iⁿ State through Lands of bleeding hearts :

Dor. Sister, the time may come when I may give you back this
(Triumph.

Fel. Not for my loving a Stranger *Dorothea* :

Dor. I am sure he is a Gentleman :

Fel. Nay, he may be *Jove* for ought I know in disguise :
'Tis not the first time the Deity has plaid Truant above to divert him-
self here.

Dor. For shame *Feliciana*.

Fel. For Grace *Dorothea*, do not throw thy self away thus :

Dor.

Dor. How can I help it?

Fel. Help what?

Dor. Being in love:

Fel. I don't blame thee for loving, but I discommend thy choice.

Dor. He has in Appearance all that woman can be fond of.

Fel. Have a care of that; some say he's an Italian, and he is not the first of that Country in Breeches that has wanted somewhat of all a woman would be fond of.

Dor. Fye, Fye, you're wicked:

Fel. Well, I wish his behaviour may reward the great faith you have in him.

Dor. Well I have told you my mind, and what I desire of you: I do love and must love him, let my Future fate be what it will. And you may choose a Rich Gay thing for your self out of the *Dons* you spoke of.

Fel. Thank you for what you can't eat, Madam, Bless me from such motions of men: why they're so fond of themselves, that unless it be you, their eyes survey nothing else; what should I do with such wax-work? They're fit for nothing but to set off a mantle-tree, or furnish out a Closet.

Dor. Would they had you in a closet to stop your mouth.

Fel. By my faith I don't believe I should cry out for 'em, why, they can do nothing to a woman but stare at her, nature never intended these Animals for any thing but ornament, like Swans they make a shew, but are good for nothing—they are pretty Parrot-keys to hold in ones hand, or to be strok'd like Squirrills.

Dor. Have a care of their Tales Sister.

Fel. Do you look after your own; and if thou art Conquer'd by this *Silvio*, who may be a Tinker for ought thou knowst, we may find the effects of his love in three months, and see you carry his Budget before you.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Madam *Don Silvio*:

Dor. Prithee retire:

Fel. I am gone—but I will have a peep at him, tho' my Curiosity prove as fatal as *Asteons*; it may be a stranger I have seen, and I should be loath to Jump in a fancy with her. [Exit

Dor. What shall I do?

Oh *Silvio*, I would Indulge thee,
But let me not be thought too easy by it.

*Enter Farmosa and Silvio:
Farmosa retires.*

Silvio. Thus Pilgrims after many a weary march,
When they have reach'd the purpose of their Travails,
Bow to the Shrine their eager zeal had sigh'd for,
Paying like me their reverend Acknowledgements.

Dor. Rise Sir, I can forgive your Flattery,
Since 'tis the Generall practise of your Sex.

Sil. To Flatter here would be a Crime indeed,
Nor know I how, if it would help my cause,
Yet I could talk for ever on the Theme:
The God entices us to shew our follies,
And prove his powers too high for words to reach,
For when our thoughts Engage to search the wonder
Like notions of Eternity they're Puzzled,
Brought back to their first fond Imagination,
Admiring what they cannot Comprehend.

Dor. How his Tongue charmes me.

Sil. Oh *Dorothea*, If a Love like mine could be related,
'Twould disgrace its passion:

If thou art angry with me I must love
For I'm a Biggot in the Mistery;
And have a faith defys all Arguments.

Dor. Sir, you mistake the Intention of my Message,
If you surmise that Love directed it;
I sent to you out of a Generous pitty,
Unwilling (being a Stranger) you should fall
Under the Error of your Courtesy;
Nor do you know—

Sil. Alas I would not know;
Wretches that dread their doom endure enough,
Without the terrour of a Confirmation;
Therefore I beg that I may only fear;
Fears may have hopes:
Hope is the only Cordiall for our fears,
A vain uncertainty by Errors nourish'd;
A fond opiniator of it self:
Cheated by distant probability.

Dor. You ought to fear my frown, and hope my pardon;
Not back one Insolence with another,
Daring to think of Love to one yo've Injur'd.

Sil. To one I've Injur'd, then my Love's a fault!

In that alone are Center'd my Transgressions.

Dor. Know you not *Spain's* notorious for Resentment,
Nay even the woman often suffers Death,
For the presumption of the man she knows not ;
What are you that expose your person thus,
Under the vanity of an Admirer ?

Sil. I am a Gentleman of Spanish blood ;
Tho' born out of the Country.
My family's well known when I shall name 'em.
They sent me forth being fond of my Improvement
To see what the reputed parts o'ch world
Could store my Observation with :
But oh the wonders which I thought I had seen,
Are as far short, of what I now behold ,
As I am in my hopes of gaining it.

Dor. They're nearer then thou think'st for :
He steals upon my Soul too hastily ;
I find I yield too fast, yet cannot help it :

[Aside

Sil. Inform me *Dorothea* how to please thee,
I am like a Travailer in unknown land,
Where severall beaten ways confound his choice ;
Direct my Soul in its perplexity,
And guide it to the Paradise it seeks for.

Dor. I know not how to shun or meet my wishes,
It must be done ; but why so hard to do ?
Like one that's to a tedious Journy bound,
Tyres e're half his Travel is perform'd,
Fond of his end but troubled to get to't.

Sil. May I not hope a word ?

Dor. You are too bold ;
Yet I forgive what's past ;
But leave the Town, and never see me more.

Sil. Oh heavy task, impossible to undertake or do !

Dor. Do you think the prize so easy to be won,
Or that your face can meet with no denyall ?
Or can you think so meanly of my worth
To give the least Encouragement to one,
Who only is acquainted with my eyes ?
No ; could you like Deitys create your self,
Master of all the Graces in the world ;
Each should present it self in full perfection ;
E're I would listen to the tale of love.
So Sir retire, and tell the world that once
You met a woman could withstand your Charms :

Oh 'tis too harsh,

Sil. And tell how fatally her own has used me.

Dor. I'll speak no more :

Sil. Yet stay and hear a little more,

My Souls contriving some way to obey thee ;

And it would soften too some way thy Judgment :

That I must leave thee, in thy eyes I read it :

I see thy Pride disdains my Sacrifice :

'Tis thrown aside like common Offerings,

It has but to thy number added one,

And lyes without distinction with the Mass :

Oh ! If I never must behold thee more,

Let my Bless'd Rivall rid thee of this Monster :

I want the power to Execute thy will ;

I shall be fond of Living whilst thou art here,

For Heaven is only Certain, where thou art.

Dor. Will you not go ?

Sil. I cannot stir ; I would obey thee, but my Limbs
Refuse me.

Dor. Mine like their standing too :

Sil. Oh why you powers did you direct me hither ?

Fond of beholding more, I have lost all,

which my Enquiry has so long pursu'd,

So fares it with the Merchant, who his store

Would fain Encrease by venturing for more,

Sends out his Laden Barque to some new shore,

But oh like me Shipwrackt upon the way,

Curses himself, his fate, the winds and Sea

Dor. Oh *Silvio* :

Sil. What said you Madam ?

My Sinking Soul flies upward to that Sound,

Like one upon its Journey to destruction,

When the bless'd voice of a Repreiv's behind it.

Dor. Out nice Impertinence ; Stubborn Usurper,

Thou Sullen honour why dost bind me thus ?

Sil. Did you not call, or did I dream being fond
Of wishing it ?

Dor. Who can deserve me better then the man I love?
It must be *Silvio*.

Sil. I am here.

Dor. So thou art here indeed, out with it then, *Silvio*.

Sil. *Dorothea* :

Dor. *Silvio* !

Sil. *Dorothea* !

Dor.

Dor. Oh I can nothing found but *Silvio, Silvio!*

Sil. Dorothea, Dorothea, Dorothea.

[Embraces]

Oh let me clasp thee ever in this Circle,
Like *Antony* I could despise the world,
And in thy Charms let all ambition perish.

Dor. Oh! I have gone too far.

Sil. Thou never wert so near thy self as now,

Dor. I trust thy honour, do not wrong my faith;
Nor give my easy Soul a misconstruction.
I could have held out longer for Condition,
Like Towns when the Besiegers are in doubt,
At best Discretion make their Articles;
But trust me *Silvio*, I abhor the guile
My Subtle Sex approve so Politick;
At thy first setting down before me, I resign,
Hoping to make thee by it faster mine.

Sil. Oh I will study more then can be ask'd,
My Gratitude shall struggle with thy Love
Which shall exceed:

My diligence shall still be at thy call,
And give thee more if possible then all.

Dor. The Match 'twixt me and *Carlos* is broke off;
Prove thy self worthy of my Fathers choice:
Nothing can barr our bliss.

Sil. Oh I will give him firm Security, I am
Worthy of thy blood, tho' not thy Love.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Madam your Father has enquir'd for you,
I sent him to the Garden!

Dor. Then we must part?

Sil. But with design that our next meeting may be longer.

Dor. To morrow I shall be at Chappell, There we may Feast our
Eyes and fancy more; be watchfull of your self, and at Night be where
you were this Evening, and you shall be conducted here again.

Sil. Be swift ye Fiery Steeds and mount the day,
Or get the Night to exchange with thee for once,
The Tedious hours I'll waste in fancied Scenes
Of the past passages of our Extreams:
Call on to Morrow, oh to morrow come,
And give my Soul a prospect of its home,
Hug thee in thought whilst my delighted Tongue
In Raptures shall express thee all Night long:
And *Dorothea* be my only Song.

Exeunt.

The End of the Second Act.]

[The

The Third A C T.

S C E N E. I.

*Enter Guzman and Farmosa.**Guz.* A T Nine do'st say again, to Night ?*Far.* Yes, I must be Mistress of the Ceremonies again:*Guz.* He may be Conducted into Another World! [*Aside.*]*Far.* Well, really he's a sweet Creature, and his expressions are refined like loaf-Sugar, they dissolve in the Ear till the mouth waters.*Guz.* What a luscious Comfort I have: [*aside.*]Well *Farmosa* he may out-talk me,
But he can do no more then other Men.*Far.* I know not that, few things know their strength till they're put to't.*Guz.* Thou would'st work him finely if thou had'st him at thy discretion, Thou art for spurring a Free-Horse to death.*Far.* Well, Certainly he's an Angell, I never saw so Divine a Creature.*Guz.* What hast thou an Itching to a Deity ?*Far.* Why not, if he would accept of my frail Mortality ;*Guz.* Frail indeed, [*aside.*]Well I must be gone,
The Morning's nimble and gets ground of us,
Adieu !*Far.* Why in such hast ? [*Bell Rings.*]*Guz.* My Master will want me, heark, the Bell Rings to Morning Exercise, I shall be discover'd :*Far.* Why People are not so Religious of late,
To break their Sleep to serve Heav'n :*Guz.* 'Tis the 5 a Clock bell :*Far.* Why let it be the 6 a Clock Bell, it Rings not for you, you are eager at Every call but mine.*Guz.* Nay *Farmosa* 'tis Reputation :*Far.* 'Tis your uneasiness ; but go and you will ;
I had a piece of *Barbary*-Gold too, might have bore you Company—
but

but you must be gone.

Guz. Well, I can deny thee nothing—

Far. That I pay for ; A Vengeance take ye for Insulters,
But 'tis the Fate of us all, we must lay up
When we are young, If we expect
Any pleasure when we are old :

Guz. I'll be sure to see you to Night :

Far. You won't :

Guz. Will the Night Come ?

[*hugs her.*]

Far. Well then I'll keep this till then,
And give you another with it :

Guz. Nay, faith I'm poor.

Far. You'll not see me till its spent :

I am made use of like Parents, when the Children want money they're
as diligent as Parish-Officers against *Christmas*, but when they have it
they fo itch to be gone.

Guz. Why I would grow to thee if possible.

Far. Well, there 'tis ; you may drink my health out on't tho', and
remember the Founder when you turn off the Cups :

Guz. Thy health ! why, there's no tast without it. Thou art the
Anchovy to my Liquor, the Rellishing bit, the tempter to the other
Bottle, the Tobacco to my Pipe, the catch that makes me merry, the
Theam of my Wit. With the juice of the Grape thou swim'st in my
Brain, And art washt every Night by Sparkling Shampain, which dan-
ces i'th' Glas like the Beam in thy Eye, and till I am dead-drunk my
Wine never dies.

[*Farmosa call'd within*]

Far. Adds life, my Mistriß up so early, away, and forget not night
as you hope for t'other *Barbary*. [*Exit.*]

Guz. Oh ! you who other ways your means receive,
Pitty the Drudgery by which we live. [*Exit.*]

Enter Dorothea in a Night-Gown.

Dor. I cannot sleep ;
My Faculties are all upon the watch,
As if my Soul were Jealous of a Mischief
Like Midnight-Nurses o're a sickly Patient,
They doze and nod and start at every sound ;
There's not a Tatling measurer of the time,
But I have number'd with it every hour ;
Oh *Silvio*, *Silvio*, if this be not love,
Some evill Hagg has charm'd thy *Dorothea* !

[*Enter*]

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Morrow Jewell! Health to thy early rising,
Art thou for Church this Morning?

Dor. Not till towards Noon, if it please you, Sir:

Dor. Ay, with all my heart, its indifferent to me if ever thou goest again; but what's to be done in this bus'ness concerning the match with *Carlos*?

Dor. I thought you had resolv'd Sir, I was ordering his Presents all to be return'd to him.

Lop. Marry, Heav'n forbid, why they are worth 5000 Crowns.

Dor. Were they worth Millions Sir, 'tis Mercenary, and base to keep 'em, after the Person who presented 'em's discharg'd from her he gave 'em too, 'tis poor—

Lop. Yes to be without 'em, prethee tell not me of base and Mercenary, did'st ever know a project in thy life go on without cost? Besides his Father has sent to me and desires another Conference.

Dor. After so base a usage in your last Sir, will you see him?

Lop. Why, I don't know, he has sent me a hundred of *Barbary-Gold*.

Dor. And will you take 'em Sir?

Lop. Hum—Why 'twould be an affront to return 'em whether I see him or no:

Dor. Fye Sir, Fye:

Lop. Fools face go, now I think on't, yet go in since you wont go out to Prayers, and leave the management to me:

Dor. For Heav'n's sake Sir:

Lop. For your own sake, will you do as I'll have you, or 'twill be worse for you:

Dor. Good Sir;

Lop. Get you in when I bid you:

Dor. Consider,

Lop. Get you in,

Dor. Will you not hear me?

Lop. No, get you in:

Dor. Oh *Silvio*—

Lop. Ay, ay, go, go, call upon your Saints, and ask their advice; [*sighs*,

Dor. Can you believe, Sir?

Lop. Can I, yes, how should I be fav'd else? get you in I say:

Dor. But Sir—

Lop. Why, what will you neither serve God nor me, get you in you peremptory baggage, get you in— [*pushes her off*.

Well what's to be done in this Case? I have made a rash vow, but they are better broke then kept, when 'tis to Advantage; I know this

Carlos

Carlos Doats on my Girl, and the Father will come to any terms, rather then he should fall under any danger for the loss of her. I will now demand just as much more with his Son as I did, and give my Daughter but half as much as I offer'd: for 'tis usuall to make the best of ones Goods when the first price is refused, and the Customer fond of his Choice.

Enter Farmosa.

Far. Sir, *Don Francisco's* below and desires to see you:

Lop. Conduct him up—and d'hear, let my Servants be within call. lest the old *Bravo* should quarrell again, and he's too rough for me; on Equall terms now *Lopez* look about thee, and like a Cunning Usurer at a pinch, part not with the Principle without good Interest.

Enter Don Francisco.

Fra. Signior, you see I trust in your honour, and venture where your Spleen might make sure work, but I believe you'r noble.

Lop. Signior, I am a more Generous Enemy then to take advantage--- but I hope the matter being forgot we may begin as friends:

Fra. I embrace the offer, and with this hearty Clasp here sign the Peace.

Lop. Bona—*Signior*, are you for some Liquor this morning?

Fra. Something that will not Scald, if it please you *Signior*.

Lop. Within there, some *Sherry*: do you like Nutmeg and Sugar?

Fra. I think 'tis more a Cordiall so!

Lop. Spice it d'hear? well *Signior*, I must Inform you, that on the noise of breaking the Match between your Son and my Daughter, I have had many fair offers, but matters having gone so far with us, Tho' passion was predominant sometime, I would not tho' to advantage hear of any 'till I had tryed If you had quite forsook her.

Fra. *Signior*, I am not Ignorant of her Deserts, nor of the Crowd of Gallants would Espouse her; therefore as Prudent Travellers, when the Roads are full send to their Inne before-hand for reception, so I did constantly dispatch to you; still as my Son design'd to approach your family, some token for his kind Accommodation.

Lop. *Signior*, 'tis true, but now I had one from you; And like a faithfull Host I'll entertain you; My Daughter is the best of my Apartment; which I suppose your Son would fain repose, Come to my terms and he shall take possession, and make his Conjugall Entry when he pleases.

Fra. The sooner the better; for here are dismal times coming on; the whole worlds in a Riot, never was such Universal Confusion known.

E

Lop.

Lop. Look you *Signior*, give me a good Conscience neighbour, a good Conscience: I look upon a man that loves his neighbour as himself, does as he would be done by, and is contented with what he has; is in a very fair way to Salvation.

Fran. Now I'll hit the old Jew—

[*aside*]

Then woe be to Usurpers and Gamesters, for they never do as they'd be done by, and are allways Coveting their neighbours goods.

Lop. But Pox of Politicks (and the Rogues bitter sayings against Usurpers) [*aside*] Let us return to our Children.

Enter Farmosa.

Far Sir, here's a young Gentleman, a Stranger desires to be admitted.

Lop. I am buisy.

Far. I told him so Sir, but he'll not be answer'd, he says he must needs see you, and is resolv'd:

Fran. Why let him come up *Signior*, we can dispatch our business when he's gone.

Lop. Bring him up then If he will come.

Far. Sir you may gratify your Resolution and Approach.

Enter Antonio who kisses Farmosa.

Ant. Nay I allways pay the door-keeper.

Far. I like the Sample so well, I would I had the whole peice.

Lop. Now Sir your business:

Ant. Sir, I know Presumption in this Country is dangerous, but my freedom has no further end then Acquaintance, and I hope I may satisfy you I am worthy of it.

Lop. Sir the Satisfaction will be equally gratefull to me as my acquaintance acceptable to you.

Ant. Courteously Answer'd Sir.

Be pleas'd to read this Letter.

[*Enter Servants with wine*]

[*Lopez reads*]

Signior Lopez, The Person that brings this is a Gentleman of Worth and Fortune, I would have waited on him to you, but he would not admit of it; you may credit what he says, for he is Noble: I'll wait on you at night, and tell you more: Yours to command, Gomez.

Adds me my neighbour, your recommendation is good.

[*Ant.*]

Ant. I must inform you then—

Fran. If you please Sir let's drink first, I hope the partaking of a Bottle will not choak your Information. [drinks]

Ant. Faith no Sir, I come from a Country where the Element of *Bacchus* is more potent then any of the four where Religion and Politick are the Subject of the 3d. bottle, and scarce any of 'em know either when they'r Sober.

Lop. Little *England* I warrant you :

Ant. You are in the right Sir, 'tis as famous for Ease and Luxury as the Life of *Cleopatra*, where the Courtiers get the Citizens Children, and then marry 'em to their own, where Impudence is pregnant, and Fools multiply, where most men dye naturall Deaths : and the youth keep Company before they can read.

Lop. A pretty Gentleman ; Come Sir, your *Glas :

Ant. With all my heart, God blefs the King, and may his Subjects Serve him with unfeign'd hearts and constant Zeal ;
May he be just to'th good o'th Common-weal, }
Whist *France* the Scourge of the Confederates feel. } [drinks]

Lop. Amen.

Fran. Pray-Sir how thrives that Country you came from ?

Ant. Troth Sir, 'tis in a fairer way then ever, the Prince and the People have faith in Each other, and there's great hopes that *Britain* will retrieve its long lost glory.

Lop. I'm glad on't, and now Sir, Let me begin a health, for to tell you a Secret; I wish 'em well Boy, for all I'm a Catholick ;
May that Countrey, its Trade nor its Church never loose, }
May they stand by their Prince, and he Conquer their Foes, }
And the Wives go as fine as they will in their Cloaths.

Ant. Well Sir, now to my Business. I am a Gentleman whom Fortune has blest'd early in the World, whose Family this Country is no Stranger to, I have lain here incognito some time for want of my Effects, which being come, I thought fit to attend on you; for they say no man more fitting to tell his own tale then himself.

Lop. Proceed :

Fran. By Heav'n this Rogue is a Lover I fear,
If he be my Boys Rivall, he had better have fancy'd a Blackamore.

Ant. My Father was *Don Mibil Frederick*
Sole Governour of *Quinto* in *Pern* ;
I had an Elder Brother dear to him as his life,
And willing all Accomplishments might grace him,
Permitted him to Travell,
'Tis Six years since he left him ;
But the two latter whether by neglect
Or the misfortunes of the Seas I know not,

He heard not from him, which heavy
Absence both of Son and Letters bereft him of his Life.

Lop. Unhappy accident, I have heard nobly of him.

Ans. He left me all as being all he had,

'Tis 18. months since he dy'd :

I streight Converted what he left me

To the easiest movables I could,

And resolv'd to see the world and scarch the knowledge

Of my Brother ; I have been three months in

England where I heard he was gone for Rome,

And stopping here in my pursuit of him

Which is but now four days, I have seen a

Lady who as I'm inform'd 's your Daughter ;

I Love her, and if my fortune meritt her,

Which is 400000 Crowns, that and my Person

Are at her disposal.

Fran. 'Tis so, 'tis so, I see it in the Rogues Eyes.

Here 's more murder for the Boy.

Lop. Four hundred thousand Crowns.

Ans. Ay Sir, 'tis at my Lodgings in Jewells, and in Gold, But most
of it uncoyn'd.

Lop. Some wine there ! 400000. Crowns Sir ;

Your health

[drinks.]

Fran. Hark you Sir, which of the Ladys is it ?

Ans. Faith Sir, I can't well enough describe her,

But I'm sure I know her If I see her ; Some more wine — here my fair
Mistresses health :

[drinks.]

Fr. Heark'e Sir, your fair Mistress may make foal work, if it be *Dorothea*.

Ans. Sir, Let her name be what it will, If I win her, I'll wear her,
and with her Fathers leave I'll venture as far as any man.

Lop. 400000. Crowns, why 'twould make a Parish of noble *Venetians*;
how they'd Jump at this youth now ; 400000 Crowns ; why 'twould
Lead their Army to *Constantinople* : Some wine Sir, here's to the me-
mory of your Father, I was allways a Lover of Orphans, and especially
those who never trusted the Bank of a City with their Fortunes.

Fran. But Sir, will you tell me her name ?

Ans. Faith Sir I wish I could, I would repeat nothing else.

Fran. You must draw then ; perhaps I may find it in your heart
tho' your tongue is so stubborn.

Lop. Hold Signior, and Sir excuse him, the wine is uppermost ; here,
call out my Daughters.

Fran. He shall be undermost, If he be my Sons Rivall :

Ans. And so Conquerour over two, faith :

Sir, here's your health, I will Drink, with you for her, Fight with
your

your Son for her; Ravish your Wife, and fire your House for her.

Fran. Thou lye'st, thou dares't do neither:

Ant. I would do all rather then loose her.

Fran. Why you'r an Eunuch, you Dog, you can do nothing with her.

Ant. Yes, I will get a Boy upon her, that shall live to Cudgell thy third and fourth Generation.

Lop. Nay prithee, *Francisco*, have Patience till the Gentleman sees her: O here they come.

Enter Dorothea and Feliciana.

Now Sir, Sand still Children, stand upright:

Feli. That's more then the Father can; Certainly *Dorothea*, the old fellow has made a good Bargain, he would never have allow'd wine enough for all this else.

Ant. That's She Sir.

Fran. Which Sir?—

[*Stands before him.*

Ant. Prithee give me the Sun little *Alexander*; for like *Diogenes* I could live in a Tub and behold nothing else; 'Tis she Sir, she that *Hellen* of her Sex that like poor *Troy* has set my heart a Flaming; Madam may I crave the Curtesy of a first meeting?—

[*Salutes Feliciana*

May I presume here too, Madam?

[*Salutes Dorothea.*

Fel. Shame on this fellow, what has he done to me?

Lop. Well; since you have made your choice Sir, it shall be layd by for you: Go get you in Children, and Sir, pray be pleas'd to step in with your Mistriss, I have a little business with this Gentleman which when dispatcht I'll be with you: 400000 Crowns you mad baggage—

[*to Feliciana*

Go, go, Son in Law, go, don't look melancholly, *Dory*, Fathers eldest Joy; I'll take care of thy fortune too I warrant thee.

Dor. Oh Curfed Gold! how many miserable matches hast thou made?—

[*aside.*

Ant. The honour Madam to conduct you:

Fe. I know the way back again;

Ant. Then please to direct a Stranger, Madam:

Fe. What the Devil ails me?

Dor. Sister, what makes your colour change?

Fe. Its the weakness of your Eyes:

Dor. Ah! are you caught?

Fe. Why, I an't in love now—

[*Exit Fel.*

Dor. Yes, with a Stranger too—oh La!

Come Sir pursue, I believe you have a Critical minute! [*Ex. Dor. & Ant.*

Fra. Come Brother, since this Gentlemans choice is so acceptable to you, here's prosperity to 'em.

Lop. With all my heart:

Fra. And if you will, my Son and he may be married together; and one Entertainment will serve both.

Lop. Look you *Signior*, your Frugality is good, but we must know first our Bargain.

Fra. Let it not be a dry one; Some more Wine;
Why I will come to your first propofals:

Lop. That will never do *Seignior*; for look you, this Gentleman is worth 400000 Crowns, and takes my youngest Daughter, now I will never let my Eldest go under;

Fra. Here's a Dog, 400000 Crowns, why how the Devill will you make your Daughter worth such a Fortune?

Lop. Why, this Gentleman asks me not a penny with her:

Fra. So you would have 400000 Crowns, and not give a penny with t'other.

Lop. Ay!

Fra. Ay! I'll see you damn'd first; were not you talking just now of Conscience?

Lop. *Signior* 400000 Crowns will purchase the best Conscience in Christendom, and as the Merchant says, If you will not come to my price, I'll keep my Commodities to my self:

Fra. 400000 Crowns, are you at a word?

Lop. Ay!

Fra. Wilt thou bait nothing Quaker?

Lop. No, I'm at a word:

Fra. Then a word and a blow—wash your face you dirty Curr you—

[Throws the Glas in's face, and draws.

And draw Heathen, Draw!

Lop. Help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Servants and Antonio.

Ant. What's here to do! A Sword drawn? nay, then for the honour of the *Lopez*'s:

Fra. Ay! Come Rogue, I'll have a bout with you:

Ant. Put up old Fellow, I shall spoyl your dancing else:

Lop. Kill him Son-in-Law, kill him:

Fra. Well said Conscience, Let me go dog;
Let me have but one poke at him.

Ant. Go, get him to sleep, or send him home:

Lop. Ay! out with him.

Fra. Give me my money Rogue, the 5000 Crowns my Son has presented

sented your stale Daughter with ; And the hundred² broad pieces I sent you this Morning.

Lop. Not a farthing, they shall pay for the washing of my face, Signior.

Fra. Villains, Murderers, Usurers, Rogues, that profess Christianity without Conscience, and Conscience without Christianity—hark thee Lad, thou art a pretty fellow ; he's seduced, he'll not give thee a penny with his Daughter ; he'll cheat thee of every groat ; Prethee stand by, and let's rob the Rogue ; I'll bind him whilst thou ly'st with his Daughters, And then we'll share his money betwixt us.

Lop. Away with him !

Fra. I will sell my Soul to the Devill ; but I will be revenged ! May thy Daughters have the small-pox till their faces look like the inside of a Bee-Hive ; May thy Servants all have Stomachs like Cormorants, mayst thou change 'em each week and be robb'd by 'em each Month ; may all thy Bankers break, thy Ventures be lost, till thou'rt as poor in thy Person as thou'rt in thy Spirit, and thy own Child deny thee—Help, Murder, Treason, Fire, Assassins, Rebels.

Ant. He's stark mad sure ? [Servants force him off.]

Lop. Ay, something lies heavy upon his Conscience, he's a Strange wicked fellow :

Ant. What money was that he talkt of ?

Lop. Hang him, Blasphemer, I never had a penny of him, I scorn it—But come Child, where's my Daughter ?

Ant. Within Sir.

Lop. Come along then : thou shalt certainly have her, And such a Fortune I will make her.

Ant. I expect it Sir.

Lop. And thou shalt have it Child—Prethee bring thy Jewells and thy Gold, and thy and what thou hast hither—Methinks I would have 'em safe.

Ant. So would I, therefore I shan't trust you with 'em.

Lop. Well, prethee kiss me, thou art so like my Wife that's dead, I must needs kiss thee. [Kisses him.]

Ant. S'dearth, the old Fellow will ravish me I think ; Sir, your Daughter expects you.

Lop. Well, never was two faces so alike : I don't believe you're a man you Rogue, as *Francisco* said.

Ant. He's dismal drunk.

Here, take care of your Master :

Lop. Let me alone ye Rogues :

Ant. Go carry him into Bed :

Lop. I will go to a Whore you Rogues :

Serv. Yes Sir, and I will wait on you.
Lop. Be sure you carry me to a Whore,
 And in Her Arms I'll play,
 And pass the sweet hours away,
 For tho' like a Coy Virgin she lay,
 I tickled her e're it was day.

[*Ex. Servants.*]

Ant. What a lewd old Fellow is here?
 Now for the Daughter, If she have not more
 Of the Champhire in her then her Father;
 The Soyles so hot for me to plant in,
 Yet I might save the Priest a labour by it,
 And Fornication would serve my turn as well:
 If she'll be kind and save the form of Wedding,
 She'll have the Advantage of a wife in Bedding.

The End of the Third Act.

Mrs. Butlers Dance.

T H E

The Fourth A C T.

S C E N E. I. A Hall.

Enter Antonio and Felician.

Fel. I Never was so Young-worried in my Life,
Thou art more troublesome then a Woman-Wit
And altogether as Impertinent.

Ant. To see how Pride corrupts manners, rather then
Confess your Frailty, you'll be rude; But do stifle
Your passion till it choak you, do—till like a
Secret in a Fool it itches, so to be reveal'd you
May scratch your self to death for vexation.

Fel. Sweet Soul, how it fancies it self; I'll call for a
Cestern of water, where like Amorous *Narcissus*
It shall Court the shadow of its own Beauties.

Ant. If you'll Act *Diana*, I may see some of your Ladyships :

Fel. Wou'd I were any thing but what I am;

Ant. I'll make worse of you presently if you please :

Fel. Art thou a Man?

Ant. You had best try :

Fel. No, thou hast the Appearance of many, but not the Soul
Of one, thou art a Compound of all Nations, without
The perfections of any; thou art neither well-
Fashion'd, Well-made, nor well-bred, but a most
Compleat bungle of Nature; Thou hast the
Insolence of a *Spaniard*, the heavyness of a
Dutch-Man, the haughtiness of a *German*, the dullness of
An *Irish-Man*, and the Impudence of an *English-Man*.

Ant. I am glad on't with all my heart, for thou hast
All the Pride of an *Italian*, the Gayety of a
French-woman, the management of a *Venetian*,
And the Spirit of a *Welsh-woman*.

Fel. I'll stay no longer;

Ant. You shall :

Fel. You will not force me.

Ant. No, but I'll keep you here.

Fel. And I shan't go;

Ant. No :

Fel. No :

Ant. No—you shan't, you shan't, faith; not
That I am fond of your Company, but since I
Have no other, I will not be left alone:

Fel. You had as good, for I'll not loose another
word on thee:

Ant. So much the better; when the Thunder's expell'd
The Sky may grow clear, and I like a Landskip
better then a Storm.

Fel. Your Importunity's intollerable.

Ant. Then I have my Ends—and I'll be as diligent
In perplexing thee as I would in my attendance
On a great Man, who to ease himself of an
Assiduous Suiter, bestows something on him to
Keep him out of the way, and so is tyred into a kindness.

Fel. I could find in my heart to marry thee to be
rid of thee.

Ant. Faith do, 'tis as good a Receipt for Separation,
As borrowing Money is to break Friendship;
'Tis a Trade among the Grandees all over
Europe, A man of Quality would no more
Be seen with his Wife after he has treated her
Relations and secur'd her Portion, then a Mistress
Would admit of the Visits of her Cully when she
had spent his Estate, or a Gamester endure
The Conversation of his Buble after he had
won all.

Fel. How proud you are of these Villanies and
With what pleasure you relate 'em:

Ant. Therefore I would have the women be wiser and
Take the Man they like without that sure
Physick of Matrimony, it kecks in the stomach,
And works in each Faculty, and purges out the
Very desire we Wed for: Love's like a Bottle
When freely propos'd, to depart when you
Please, or as long as you please, but when once
Is Constrain'd it Curdles i'th Blood, it palls every
Tale; Each Glass is a Potion, and poisons the
Kind Conversation you met for.

Fel. What can'st thou see in that impudent face
Of thine, to imagine any she-thing would trust
Thee without substantial Security?

Ant. Faith nothing, but that Impudence you speak of:
Assurances is half in half with a woman.
If we're modest when we woo you, you're

Affraid

Afraid we'll be bashfull when we have you,
If the Spirit be meek, you Conjecture the Flesh
Must be feeble, and a modest Lawyer can
Never have good Practice.

Fel. Nor an Impudent one a good Reputation, he
May baffle a Cause, but never maintain one,

Ant. Come, you're conceited ;

Fel. I am sorry I invade your Property :

Ant. Your Sex is all Vanity :

Fel. And yours all deceit, 'tis the practice of
Your Souls to seduce us into Faith, you're
Never well but when you're belov'd, nor easy
When you are so, Change is your delight,
And Constancy your Scandall ; you Curse
Every man that's falser then your selves,
And are Potent in nothing but perjury.

Ant. Well I'll have done for the present, and like
An Ingenious Preacher leave off whilst my
Sermon is hot in your memory, and not
Doze your Attention with dwelling too long on
The Subject, therefore hoping you may edify by
My Present Doctrine, I'll finish my text at
Our next meeting—Farewell.

Fel. With all my heart :

Ant. You'l Cry when I'm gone :

Fel. 'Twill be for fear of your return then :

Ant. Well, I can have the Liberty of Serenading,
And expect not to sleep when I wake.

Fel. Wou'd thou wert gone once.

Ant. I am departing :

Fel. Peace be with you :

Ant. I will so maul thee when I have thee.

Fel. No, I shall sleep then I suppose without Serenading :

Ant. May all thy thoughts thy Soul towards mans Flesh bend. [*Exit.*]

Fel. And may you prove as good as you pretend,

Well, I do like this Fellow,
And Love him I'm afraid,
But I am sensible he has as good thoughts of me ;
What Fools are women to hide their Inclination,
When they are satisfyed the man's their own ;
But 'tis a Policy our Mothers teach us
Persuading 'twill inflame the Lover more,
When Every Tedious hour delays our bliss,
And makes us keep what most we wish were his.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E. I I.

*The Backside of the City, near a Church.**Enter Silvio and Sancho.*

Sil. Either we have out-staid our time,
Or Darknes Creeps too hastily upon us,
Canst tell the hour, *Sancho*?

San. It should be towards supper-time by the
Wambling Chimes of my Carkass, pox of this Love,
It starves the whole Family, and because your
Honour can dyet with *Camelions*, you
Think in manners we ought not to fare better.

Sil. Art thou not asham'd of thy Gluttony?

San. No, but I am of my Abstinence, this is fasting;
Without doing Heaven any service; never
Did Love Monopolize like yours: Starving
Honour I have heard of, but this Effeminate
Punctilio is a disgrace to your Sex:
Nothing but sighing, and thinking, and walking;
Discontentedly in Fields, as if the blood of a
Murder lay on your Conscience.

Sil. Prethee hold thy idle Tongue:

San. Would I had wherewithall to divert it otherways;
I am indebted to my stomach 3 meals, and can't
Get one to be bayl for me, good Sir think
Upon some means to pay something down
To stop his mouth a little; for I have Confess'd
A Judgment to hunger, and famine will
Serve an Execution on me.

Sil. If thou mindst thy wife when thou hast one,
As much as thou dost thy belly, she'll have a good time on't.

San. I'm sure If I don't mind that, she'll have an ill
Time on't; you know no body now adays take
Houses with bare walls, wenscoat me well with
Beef, and it may recommend me to a good Tenant.

Enter

[Enter four Bravo's.]

Bra. It must be he, for this is the time and place we were directed to observe :
[Clock strikes nine]

Sil. Strikes not this nine, *Sancho*?

San. Yes sure it does :

Sil. I'm right in my Appointment then.

Bra. May I be so in mine, If this fail,
we must all fall on him

[Fires a Pistol

[but misses

Sil. Ha! art hurt *Sancho*?

San. Not that I know of;

Sil. Assist thy Master then:

San. Against any thing but the Devill:

Bra. Fall on :

[They fight and

Sil. Oh villains, this is *Carlos*'s work:

[at last the Bravo's

San. They give ground Sir.

[retire.

*Enter Carlos and Guzman as the Bravo's
are retiring, and Joyns with 'em.*

Carl. Oh Cowardly Dogs! but think not *Silvio* thou shalt escape me :

Sil. 'Tis like thee base and treacherous *Carlos*.

*As Silvio and Sancto give ground
Enter Antonio and Joyns 'Em.*

Ant. Ha giving ground ! for the weaker side, like a true Champion.

They Fight and Guzman falls.

Guz. So I am satisfied.

San. There's a rising-blow for you :

[Stabs at him

Guz. Dogs—

At last Carlos falls and the Bravos all run.

Guz. Help, murder, murder :

Fran. } Ha! what noyse is this, and just before my door ?

[above]

Ant. Who are you Sir, and how is it with you?

Sil. I am a Stranger Sir ; but slightly hurt I think ;
I have only time to thank your Generosity ; If

[There's

There's no murder done I'll find you out, and
 study to return this happy refuge :

Ant. I'll wait you till you're out of danger.

Sil. By no means Sir, you are not known, and may
 Be safe, I am ; this mischief has been
 hatching too some time ; therefore I
 Beg you would Enquire no more ; If
 I do well, I certainly will seek you,
 If not I'll ever love your memory.

[Crys of Murder
 within.]

Carl. Help *Pedro* ; *Sphorfo*, I shall bleed to Death :

Fran. } Ha ! Is not that my Sons voice ? Lights there :
above. } Murder, oh my Child, Lights, Rogues, murder.

Ant. Shift for your self then ; for [Retires from above]

The hounds are near us,

Sil. *Sancho*

San. Your shadow Sir ;

[Exeunt severally.]

Guz. I'm maul'd like a forlorn hope ;

Carl. Oh !

Guz. *Don Carlos* !

Carl. Who's that *Guzman* ? art thou hurt too ?

Guz. Like Master, like man, at present, I am
 Stuck as if I were to be Larded :

Enter Francisco Servant, with Lights.

Fran. What are you ? and why this out-cry ?

Guz. I'm in Labour Sir, and want to be delivered.

Fran. *Guzman*—my Son too wounded and on the
 Earth ; oh ! speak, who did it ? what,

Not a word—oh ! speak, how is it with thee ?

Carl. My Soul is like a Lamp on its departing,
 My Blood the oyl that fed it is quite spent,
 And nature Struggles for its last pale glimps.

Fran. Oh horrid villany, get Doctors, Slaves, and Surgeons,
 Summon a College of Pulse-fumblers, and
 Lint-Scrapers, propose rewards to shew
 Their utmost Art ; fly Slaves—in gently, villains,
 Gently with him, look to your Fellow-servant.

1 Servant. Alas poor *Guzman*.

[They carry off Carlos.]

Guz. None of your pity, but lend me your help,
 They have mist'd my heart, I think, and that's all,
 I am fash'd like grill'd mutton ; oh for some
 Conger-Eels to stop these Leapings ; softly Rogues,
 softly, I shall come to my Journeys end soon Enough. [They lead him off.]

A noise

[A noise within of pursue this way.]

Enter Silvio and Sancho.

Sil. What Shall we do? we run mazes sure and
Come to the End where we begun; ha! here's a
Garden-wall; by your leave who ever you
belong to, If he be noble he will protect me:
Follow me *Sancho*.

[Climbs the wall]

San. I warrant you Sir, I have been
Us'd to rob orchards—what's the matter now?
I cannot mount it, and have hopt over higher
in my time; I believe the Devill's at my arse,
And thinking I am Climbing towards Heav'n,
Tugg's me back as if I were out of my way:
Up *Gundy* or be stuck with *Soledo's*,
Till thou lookst like a Porcupine and shoots
Thy Quills Backwards——

[noise still]

[Gets over and severs]

[run Cross]

SCENE. III.

The Inside of the Garden.

Enter Dorothea and Farmosa.

Dor. Surely thou wilt be late:

Far. Oh fear not, Madam, your true Lover will
Out-wait an Angler, and thinks not his
Time ill-spent, If he catches a fish at last,

Dor. No more delays, but haste:

Far. I'll be with him in less then a tickling time.

*As she's going off Sancho runs against
her, and they both fall.*

Far. Murther, Theeves, Theeves:

*Dorothea shrieks, and as she's running off is met
by Silvio who catches her in his arms.*

Sil. Dorothea!

Dor. Silvio!

Sil. The same and thine for ever;

Far. *Sancho*, what art thou? a mole, hast got no eyes?

San. No, but I want the strength of one to heave this

Earth

Sil. Pursu'd by villains I leapt the wall
For Sanctuary.

Sil. As I was waiting for my guide to approach thee, our Bravo's set on me, one fir'd at me, but miss'd; eight they all came on me, I had the good fortune to receive 'em well; nay they were giving ground: when *Carlos Roa'd*, think not thou shalt escape, and seconded their attempt.

Sil. My advantage quickly lessen'd, and I had perish'd
But for the kind relief of one I knew not, I think
some fell ; who with their Crys allarm'd the neighbour-hood ;
I got in here hoping to miss their fury,
And chance has guided me to what I long'd for :

Des. Let us retire and think upon some means how
To Secure thee, Oh my *Silvio*, 'tis what I dreaded;
But by my Love I will partake thy fate
Let Stars be as malicious as they please.

Sil. Sure all must be propitious in the End,
Or Heaven's Partiall to the most deserving.

My Soul as if it gave me warning sickens,
And Sighs out, we must never meet again.

Sil Let's never part then, and defy the Omen;
Thus fortify'd by Love we'll dare the foe,
Till our ill Stars grow weary of the Siege,
Or at the general Assault we'll stand.
When their dire Influence is ready drawn,
Gainst the vast breach of all our miseries,
And where Oppression's thickest fall together.

Dor. No, let us Study how to live together ;
I have reveal'd the secret to my Father,
All thoughts of Reconciliation with your Rival
Are quite discarded ; he seems inclin'd to
What I have propos'd — nay, Pr'e more to tell
Thee ; If the description I have heard don't Err,
Thou hast a Brother here, one *Don Antonio*, Son
To *Don Michael Frederick of Peru*.

Sil. Antonio.

Dor. Go in, I'll tell thee all.

Sil. I wait it with Impatience

Der.

Dor. Oh *Silvio*, to loose thee now,
 When all my hopes were in such perfect health,
 They seem'd insur'd against all Accidents,
 'Tis like a *Chymist* whose unwearied Toyle
 With eager diligence long time had search'd,
 Through every curiosity of Nature,
 To bring his mighty project to perfection;
 And when the wish'd for Art he had attain'd,
 Dyed in its finishing Operation: away
Farmosa, stay you here, If any disturbance
 Should approach our Walls, give notice of it.

[*Exit Sil. & Dor.*

San. I suppose I must come up
 With the baggage, and may halt with your Ladyship:

Far. A likely fellow this, how long have you lived with your Master, friend?

San. Ever since he has lived with me, he never
 Forsook me, nor will I ever discharge him.

Far. A pleasant Fellow, what are you?

San. His Portmanteau, I carry his Equipage:

Far. I mean, what Country-man are you?

San. A Resident of chance:

Far. What's that?

San. A Courtier, a Gam'ster, a Pimp, a Vallet,
 Or any thing that all Countries, Religions, or
 Customs are alike to:

Far. A Savoury Fellow, and relishes of Wit:
 Are all women too as well as Country's,
 Religions, and Customs, alike to you?

San. All of this side fifty:

Far. Then there's hopes for me, for I want a year
 On't: If I could marry this Rogue and redeem
 My Virginity now, 'twould do well; I have a
 Pretty good sum of money which I have scrap'd
 Together in Service; and mine is not the first
 Crack'd Reputation has been put off that way:
 Besides that Villain *Guzman* grows weary
 Of me, and will never be brought to buy that
 Out-right which he has had the use of so
 Often for nothing.

[*Aside*

San. I'll strike in with this *Autumn*, this latter
 Season if I can; for they say she has made
 Good use of her time, and has been highly
 Presented by her Mistresses Suiters, what tho' she be somewhat
 Antient I shall break her heart the sooner, I'll

[*Aside*

Enamour her first with my Graces, and then
My Person will appear more lovely.

[Sings.]

*Sweet Nymph, if that you are at Leisure
To hear a Swains misfortune,
Ton of my heart have made a seizure,
And yours I do Importune :
Oh let it, let it not be said,
A Man of Comely feature
Should be slighted by a scornfull Maid,
So become a wretched Creature.*

Far. As I hope to be honest his Organ is delicious,
He shall hear the Excellence of mine :

[Sings.]

*Signior, you shall not find me so hard-hearted
To scorn the offers of a Love so true,
But since a flame so Generous you've started,
Take me, and I'll take you ;
All I am Mistress of I give
My heart's fully resign'd
A blushing Virgin then receive
And prethee work me to thy mind.*

Saa. Good, she comes—Most admirably perform'd—
Let me salute the Orifice of your Melody : [kisses her.]

Far. Far short of yours Sir, pray be ingenious, and
Tell me in what Climate you stole this great
Accomplishment ?

San. In England.

Far. Were you born there ?

San. Stark naked :

Far. Waggish Brittain :

San. Let me once more adore that heav'nly voice :

[Sings.]

Far. Bestrew me but your Endearments are very
Warm : If a virgin should be good-natur'd
And like you, you Could not be constant.

San. As pride to Authority, or first Love to its appointments :

Far. If I should throw my self away upon thee,
Would you really, truly, sincerely, and faithfully
Serve me ?

San. Zealously : I'll be fonder of thee then the
Spiritual Court of an ill neighbour.

Far. We'll go in and talk more on't.

San.

SAN. Agreed and make more on't too if I can :

FAR. If he has heard any thing of me, and *GUZMAN*,
I shall be puzzled for a denyall—I'm resolv'd ;
I'll forswear it and protest my honesty and
Innocency, nay, I have a good mentall
Reservation for it :
For tho' by *GUZMAN*'s Love I was betray'd,
I'll swear for thee I am a Reall Maid.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E I V. A Hall.

Enter Biancho, Neice, and women, and Pedro.

Ped. Nay prithee Child :

Bia. Away, and give me Liberty to vent my Griefs,
I know you not, you are all my Enemies ;
Why do ye preach up patience for my woes,
Yet Bar the Remedy that would procure it ?

Ped. What's the matter now ?

Nei. Why she has heard of *Carlos*'s misfortune,
And nothing can appease her :

Ped. Why *Biancha*, thou shalt see *Don Carlos*,
I'll carry thee to him :

Bia. No, 'tis too late :

Ped. He's hurt, but not destroy'd, he will recover :

Bia. 'Tis Equally to me, Dye or Revive,
If he recovers, *Dorothea* has him,
If not I cannot ;

For should I follow him to the other world,
And he retains the Passion which he fell for ;
I in *Elizium* shall neglected pass.

The wretched pitty of each happy pair.

Ped. No, 'twill be better, the match is broke,
Thy Rivall loves another, and when he's sensible
What you endure, I'm sure his Soul will
Readily Embrace you.

Bia. What, must I tell him that I Love him then ?

No, let my feaver dry me first to Ashes,

If Heaven deprives me of my Virgin Love :

Oh ! mark me with its figure on my Soul,

That by the Token you may know hereafter

What here I wanted, and present him there.

Ped. Wilt thou not hear me ?

Bia. You would not me when I entreated harden:
Oh heart-hard Stubborn heart break or forget
Thy Passion.

Ped. Dost thou desire to see thy Father dead ?

Bia. Father, what Father ?—Fathers love their Children,
Indulge their tender tempers, fond their humours,
And when they are just, comply with their desires;
Mine unregarded, heard me sue and sigh,
Nay, like a common beggar past me by,
As if entreating were a Trade I practis'd.

Ped. Neice, do thou solicit for me, friends all
I beseech ye.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Bia. Well 'twon't be long ere I shall go abroad,
And walk in Paradise with my dear Love;
A Terras-walk we'll have above the rest,
Which shall be sprinkled o're each morn with Pearls,
And bruised by Rowling Stones of Diamonds,
Drawn by two Angels, Lovely as himself,
Whilst wondring Saints shall listen to our Songs,
And learn from us how to be truly happy.

Ped. Heav'n guard your Sences:

Bia. Heav'n ! I have a Song of Heav'n [*Sings.*]

Come, come, ye Inhabitants of Heaven

Conduct me to my Love,

Where by the Gods we may be given,

Where nothing can our Joys remove:

I mount, I fly, my Rosy Wings

Expand and Cut the yielding Air,

Each little Cherub in Welcome Sings,

And Fathers cannot but describe.

Ped. Follow her all, Come Neice—

[*Exit.*]

Neice. So this I hope will do

'Twas rarely Acted,

If she can keep it up the Man's her own,

Oh Children bred by Nature to deceiving,

And Silly Parents cheated by believing

When I have any, if a Man will take me,

As 'twould be hard if they should all forsake me

Girls, I especially would watch their maters,

For Mothers by themselves may grieve their Daughters.

The End of the Fourth Act.

The Fifth A C T.

S C E N E I.

Discovers Don Carlos on a Couch, and Servants.

Carlos. MY Feavour lessens, and I gather strength,
The blood that fed the follies of my Love
Is fled through every wound its Rage occasion'd,
And prudent Judgment Reassumes her seat;
The Powers are Just, for I did Ill
To seek Redress by such vile Practices:
Oh *Biancha*! I have done thee wrong,
Neglected what my Stars seem'd to enjoin,
And they have prov'd they hate my stubborn choice.

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Good morrow Boy, how is't?
Didst thou rest well? dost thou continue temperate?

Car. Yes Sir, I hope I shall do well,
Nature it's wonted measure seems to affect,
And all my facultie: return to order.

Fran. Well, hast thou consider'd child,
What I propos'd about *Biancha's* Love:
Pox o'this *Dorothea* and her Father,
They never I believe, either of 'em lik'd us;
Besides, t'will be such a Revenge to slight her
And marry the other,—She'l look as melancholly
As a Discarded Statesman, and out-Fret a
Court-beauty for her Taylors disappointment at a Ball.

Car. Sir I have weigh'd, and wholly resign my
Self to your disposall.

Fran. Well said Boy, I will make such a man of thee,
Thou shalt out-shine a Country Squire on the
Sabbath, Live higher than a whore in her first
Month; And out-strut a Citty-Colonell at the
Head of his Regiment: nay we'll have Justice
From old *Lopez* too.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir *Don Pedro* is below, and desires to
Speak with you.

Fra. Ads me, he sent to me, and desir'd me to stay
At home, 'tis thy Father in Law that must be,
Carlos; well such things I will do for thee—

Carl. Do what you please, all shall be easy to me.

Fra. Well, thou art the best Boy; thy obedience is so
Inducing, Charming and Obliging, as I hope
To live, I am afraid I shall dye a year sooner
then I intended, to make thee amends.

Carl. I willingly would go into the Garden, the
Air, Sir, may refresh me.

Fra. Wait on him to the Garden, I'll be with thee
presently. [Exit Carlos and Servants,

Well things are brought about rarely,
Now will he have a swinging fortune with
Biancha:

And after her Fathers Death' all his Estate.
He shall have all mine too when I'm dead,
I will take her Portion and settle so much
per annum, and Live upon him into the Bargain;
I'll not part with a free penny, till I can't help it.
When Parents once upon their Children Live,
Tho' all they have we gave 'em, yet they greive;
Therefore to keep mine still at my Command,
I'll leave the world before I part with Land.

*Scene discovers Guzman in a Chair. A Chirurgion by him,
and a Table with Gally-Pots, Urine-Vials, &c.*

Guz. Well Sir, and how long must I endure your probings
and your Cullices?

Chirurg. A week, if you keep a good Dyct, will set you
Right again.

Guz. Why there he is, a good Dyct, that is, eat nothing.
Suppose I keep an ill Dyct, and eat, will a
Fortnight cure me?

Chirurg. A fortnight by'r Lady, it may cost you your Life,
for ought I know.

Guz. Nay, for ought thou know'st, I may dye to night
Of a Quinzey.

Chirurg

Chirurg. Why, so you may Sir.

Guz. Yes, I thought so; Suppose
I have a mind to let blood:

Chirurg. You have lost enough already one would think,
I see no occasion for that.

Guz. Ay! but there may be for ought thou knowst:
What a wretch art I order'd to look after me?
Because I am a Servant I must have no other
To take care of me; my Master has the head of
The Doctors and Chyrurgeons, and I must be
Manag'd by their Glister-Carrier.

Chirurg. You are dispos'd to be merry, Sir.

Guz. Very well, because I don't like this Rascall,
I am dispos'd to be merry; hark ye you
Serringe-Bobber,—disposeme to be merry you
Had best, or I'll depose you from your Quack-
Salving—I would drink a Glas of Sack.

Chirurg. You may do what you please, but it may do
you harm.

Guz. Ay, for ought thou knowst—why you Dog,
Suppose I have a mind to a wench.

Chirurg. A wench!

Guz. Ay a Wench, oh 'tis a kind Decoction, meet and
Proper for the Body of a man, operating
Sympathetically towards the healing of the Inwards.

Surg. A Woman will kill you Sir.

Guz. I don't mean to work so hard Sir, to debauch once
a Month is a Cordial they say.

Surg. Why, Nature is so Exhausted, it would not supply
You if you had really a desire for one,
Your Spirits are wasted.

Guz. Why you dog, d'ye take me for a boys
Pot-Gun, without any pith in my back.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's a Young woman would speak
with *Guzman*.

Guz. A young Woman, bring her in.

Surg. If she be a young woman keep her out.

Guz. Hark you *Diaculum-Dauber*, let her come in.

Ser. She shall not come in.

Guz. Shan't she, *Urinal-peeper*.

Ser. No.

Guz.

GHZ. Sirrah, bring her up :

SNY. Sirrah, keep her down.

GHZ. Bring her up, or I'll Murder thee.

SNY. Bring her up, and I'll poison thee.

GHZ. I will bomb thee with thy own Gally-Pots then.

SNY. What mean you ?

GHZ. To try Experiments upon
You with your own Slops and Salves ;—

There's a Bowlus for you, there's a Pötion,

There's a Glyster, there's a Julip,

There's an Oyntment.

[Flings Pots and Vials at him.

SNY. Help, Murder.

[runs.

GHZ. Take 3 Spoonfulls fasting of this, and sweat after this ;
And sleep after this ; hang your self at the last, and
Be dam'd after all.

Exit after the Chirurgion.

Scene Changes to Don Francisco's Garden.

Enter Carlos and Biancha.

Carl. Indeed this goodness far exceeds my thoughts,
I could not hope such mercy from your wrongs ;
But as you Copyed Heav'n in suffering 'em,
You seem still more Divine in your Forgiveness.

Bia. The Frailties of my passion were too great
For me to hide.

I would have smother'd it and kept it down
In the dark Dungeon of forgetfulness,
But oh ! The Barrs of Virgin-Decency
Were all too weak to bind the Prisoner in,
Like struggling winds in hollow Caverns pent,
It burst my feeble Breast, and Sigh'd its way out.
Then, as the Clouds by Grumbling, Thunder forc't,
In showers it gush'd from my o're-swelling Orbs.

Carl. They have at length moisten'd this stubborn Clay,
And made it plyable to thy desires : work me.
Like Yielding wax, I'll fashion with thy will,
And figure with the wishes of thy Soul.

Bia. Oh happy Change !
Heav'n cannot more rejoice when Sinners sigh,
Then I for thy Conversion.

Nor

Carl. Nor can a Soul convinc'd of long liv'd Errors,
Embrace the blessed Truth with more delight,
Then I my Dear *Biancha*.

Thus let me shew my humble Penitence, [*kneels.*]
Here let me languish for my past Offence,
And take forgiveness at my Alters Feet.

Bia. Thus the kind Oracle enjoyns thy Penance,
Love her who has thy tedious absence mourn'd;
Nor cease, till by *Biancha* thou art scorn'd.

Carl. Yet nearer, nearer yet.

Bia. Lock me within thee,

[*Embracing.*]

Carl. Oh! Mercy ———

Bia. Love.

Carl. Goodness on Goodness,
There is but one that's just in thy whole Sex;
And thou art She.

Enter Pedro and Francisco.

Fra. Joy, Joy, Eternal Joy, rise my blessings,

Ped. My Comforts.

Carl. Sir, for what's past ——— [*to Pedro.*]

Ped. No Excuses, she's thine, and thou art hers;
What's past be forgotten, and what's to come
Keep to your selves.

Fra. I long to see them one, ah! *Carlos, Carlos*, that I were in a
Condition to take thy place that Night; but no matter, I'll tell thee
how I did at thy Age, and if thou can'st out-fling thy Daddy a Barr's
length, much good do thy Spouze with it.

Ped. I warrant you Brother, she'll match him, or she's a Bastard
by the Mother's side; but Brother ———

Fra. Brother ———

Ped. You stand to what we've agreed on.

Fra. Do I hope to be a Grand-father — to see a — chopping Rogue
come out of thy Parcelly-Bed, and hear it cry Granny, Daddy. — If
thou dost not get her with Child in a Month, by the Champion of
Spain I'll do't my self.

Ads! precious, I could so — Go, get you in you
Little Rogue you, or I shall marry thee my —
Self, and put his nose out of Joynt. Go, go.

[*Exeunt Carl. and Bia.*]

Lord I am so wanton,
My Blood's as warm as as
Five and twenty Brother. How do you feel your self?

H

Ped. I

Ped. I am at frozen Sixty Brother, Nature has no such Extasies in my Veins.

Fra. Why truly, I think mine is but a flash,
Yet we have been Brother —

Ped. Ay! We have have been Brother —

Fra. A Pox o' this Inclination without Power,
But the Comfort is, the young Rogues will be old
Like us, and love to talk on't when they are
Past the Action. — But come, let us follow our
Intentions, and go where we resolv'd.

Ped. I wait on you.

Fra. Well, this Boy and this Baggage puts me so in mind
Of the Night I got her in —

Ped. Well, think no more on't.

Fra. Ah Brother!

Old Souldiers, their past Actions, love to own.

Ped. Ah Brother!

And often Brag of more then has been done.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to Don Lopez his House.

Enter Dorothea and Feliciana.

Fel. Then *Carlos* is recover'd?

Dor. Thanks to my Stars, I hear so.

Fel. Well, I have sent to this *Antonio* to come to me to Night, I find
I am a Fool, and ask you pardon for all I have said of *Silvio*.

Dor. I rejoyce in your Repentance.

Fel. But what's become of *Silvio*?

Dor. Why, he's safe, under the care of *Signior Octavio*, a neighbour-
ing Merchant, an Ancient Friend of his Fathers; But I have sent to him
concerning *Carlos's* recovery, and he will come to night; I have told
my Father he's the Brother of your Lover, and he approves of his
Amour. — but here he comes, I'll tell you more anon.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Well Children, have you heard any more concerning *Carlos*?

Dor. Nothing but that he's forward on his Recovery,

Lop. Well, and when did you see *Antonio*?

Fel. Not since yesterday.

Lop. I think I have provided well for you, you young Baggage;
You'll taste man earlier by three years then your Mother, take heed
you don't surfeit Filly.

Fel.

Fel. Oh! Preach that to the Men, they are apt to be soonest cloy'd.

Lop. Well Dory, I have consider'd concerning this *Silvio*; If it be prov'd *Adtonio* and he are Brothers, take thy choice, I'll not Interrupt thee.

Dor. I humbly thank you Sir, and hope he'll prove he merits me.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Supper waits.

Lop. Ads me, come Girls, come, my Appetite's provoking.

Fel. Sister bear up.

Thou'lt have thy man near doubt, and so shall I,
'Twere hard for our first Longings we should dyc.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the Street.

Enter Silvio and Merchant.

Sil. I have told you all the Progress of my Love,
And ever must acknowledge your Assistance,
The Hazards I have vanquish'd, give me hopes
I may at last possess what I have toil'd for;
I only want to find my Brother out;
Likewise, I beg you'd go with me this Night
To satisfy *Don Lopez* what I am.

Mer. You may be sure, all I can serve you in is full as welcom to my Soul, as to your own.

Sil. I have sufficient reason to believe it;
And what you have told me of *Don Carlos*,
Relating to the Daughter of *Don Pedro*,
Together with his bless'd recovery,
Creates in me a double Joy.

[*Sings here.*]

SONG.

Ob! Lovely Virgin, Look down
And view, a Slave impatient of thy Sight;
Behold a Wretch by thee undone,
Whose Heart is all thy own.
Ob! Guide him in this starless Night,
And let thy Eyes create new Light.

Enter a Spanish Count with Musick, Serenaders, &c.

Mer. Whom have we here ?

Sil. Some Serenading Gallants to my Mistress,
If they stay long I shall be rude to 'em.

Mer. Let us observe 'em, I may chance to know 'em.

Count. Come, come, place your selves ready, and take care your
Symphany's and *Retournels*, and your *what de Callams*, come in good time;
Come strike, strike the key there. [*Sings.*

*May the Eyes of my Mistress everlastingly flourish
And my constant Affection I hope they will nourish;
For if my Amour Dorothea don't cherish,
By the Lord I am likely, most likely to perish.*

Gad this don't do I believe, I am whorfe, and she don't hear my
Musick.

Sil. Sir, I have some Affairs in this Family, which oblige me to
wait here, and it would conduce much to my designs if you would
please to retire.

Don. Sir, I have some Affairs in this Family, which oblige me
to wait here, and it would conduce much to my designs if you would
go about your business.

Sil. I am about it Sir.

Don. So I am about mine Sir, may the Eyes of my Mistress ——

Sil. Hark ye Sir, If you will not quit your post,
I must endeavour to force you.

Don. Force me, draw Fiddlers. [*Silvio draws, and the Merchant, and
beat 'em off crying Murder.*

Scene changes to a Garden Wall.

Enter Lopez with a Torch, and his Sword drawn.

Lop. What cry of Murder's this?

Enter Silvio.

Who's there ?

Sil. A Gentleman.

Lop. Of whence ?

Sil.

Sil. Of *England*, and going to my Lodging was set upon by Villains;
If you have Honour give me your Protection.

Lop. Question not what I have, but follow me.

Scene changes to the inside of a Garden.

Lop. Here, step into that Arbor, I'll go and see if my Servants be remoy'd, that you may be safe; I'll be with you presently, for if the Corrigedore be rais'd — —

Sil. By Heaven! this is the Father of my Love,
What will become of me?

Enter Farmosa.

Fra. Well, we Confidants have a sad time on't, up at all hours, and ready upon all Occasions; And for Lying no People come near us. I sent *Antonio* the key of the Garden, and this is the time he was order'd to be in the Arbor, I think I see him, hift!

Sir, my Mistress stays for you.

Sil. What shall I say, by Heaven this is some Appointment with a Rival, Oh false *Dorothea*!

Fa. Nay, come —

Sil. I will have Patience to see the end of this.

Fa. Lord 'tis very dark! well, it's a pleasant time for Lovers, if I had a Gallant I should love the dark excessively.

Sil. What does the old Hagg mean?

Fa. If a man had a mind to ravish me in the dark,
I swear, I believe I should not dare to cry out.

Sil. Come lead me to your Mistress.

Fa. Well, you have the softest hand that ever I felt.

Sil. Here's something to soften thine.

Fa. This was not the thing I meant;
He's so dull I cannot perswade him to be rude. — this Climate has such a heavy Influence on man in *England*, now the Maids are often their Mistresses Tasters; Come then, since you are so stupid —

Sil. Oh! Women, Women, Why do men believe 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. This Garden is so large, and 'tis so dark, I scarce can grope this Arbour out. Oh! for my Mistress on a soft bed of Roses, yielding as I am, with transported Sighs, then blubbering for the Joy her Love had lost — with one hand pushing me, the other gripping, till by repeated bliss her griefs forget, and she rejoices in the flame she dreaded. Oh! here's the Arbor, would my Guide would come.

Enter

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Come Sir, all's clear, and I'll preserve you till the search is over, and then take care for your escape.

Ant. Escape, the Devil, what can this mean.

Lop. Nay, Come Sir, come.

Ant. I dare not disobey, but what the Event will be, Fortune knows.

Scene changes to Farmosa's Bed-Chamber.

Enter Farmosa and Silvio.

Far. Stay here till I see if the old man be safe, and I'll conduct you to my Lady speedily. [Exit.

Sil. 'Tis so, her fickle Soul is fond of some new Face;
As *Carlos* was for me scorn'd and neglected,
So am I now for this; yet I shall see this faithless
Fair Persuader, that led my Soul away towards promis'd
Joys, and now 'tis plung'd in love, laughs at its
Sufferings.

Oh Woman! Woman! thou *Primitive Seducer*,
That with the Serpent club'd for our Damnation:
Man was forewarn'd, and could have stood his Guile,
But thou, the greater Fiend, not being suspected,
Finish'd what Satan but imperfect drew.

Sancho creeps from under the Bed.

Sol. I am almost smother'd, and so stung by Vermin, that if I had a Glass I might fancy I had the Small-Pox; the Fleas have danc'd backwards and forwards o'r me this three hours, that I am gawl'd as if a Nest of Aunts had travail'd over me with their hoard for Winter.

Enter Lopez and Antonio.

Heark! the Door opens.

Sil. Ha!

Lop. Stay here one Minute, and I'll fetch a Light.

Sil. What have we now—

Ant.

Ant. What will become of me, I know not, I must put a good Face upon the matter, and pretend I only came to see what house his Daughter kept.

Sil. This surely is my Rival; what are you?

Ant. S'death, is the House haunted, what's that to you?

Sil. Thou art a villain.

Ant. Thou lyest, be a good Angel or a bad.

Sil. I'll feel what you are.

Ant. I'll keep thee at Arms length if I can.

Sil. So, here's murder going forward, would I could get under the bed to my leap Frogs again.

[*They push at one another, and at last Antonio falls over Sancho a top on him.*]

Help! Murder! Oh! I quake for fear of a chance thrust in my bowels; murder, help, murder.

Sil. Lye still, or thou art dead.

Enter Lopez with Lights.

Lop. Ah! what's here, three men, thieves, give me my Sword, fetch up my great Guns, help, thieves there, thieves. [*Runs out.*]

Enter Dorothea and Felician.

Dor. For Heavens sake what's the matter?

Sil. Now I shall see the Face which has undone me.

Dor. Silvio.

Sil. Yes Madam, unexpected.

Fel. Antonio, what brothers fighting!

Sil. Antonio!

Ant. Silvio! what Stars set us at odds?

[*Embracing.*]

Sil. They have lost their aim, I hope thou art not hurt, forgive me Madam; Oh my brother! My Soul's divided so 'twixt Love and Frindship, I know not which to serve.

Dor. I miss no Love you e're can shew to him.

Ant. Nor I no Frindship he bestows on you.

Nay, come into the Lump, and let's all four unite into one Soul; where hast thou been? but more of that hereafter; but what is he, we stumbled on?

San. Your faithful Friend and Slave Sancho.

Sil. Sancho! How cam'st thou hither?

San. I was lock'd in by my Lady *Farmoxa*, I came on the same design your honour did, only my Love was plac'd on a lower object.

Sil.

Sil. Does thy heart lean that way?

San. Faith Sir I should be loath to part the Family;
I have promis'd her for Spouze,
Therefore I beg we may live with you still; make her your house-
keeper, and me your valet, though I'm preferr'd, I am not grown
proud Sir,
But is this your honours Brother.

Ant. At your Service Sir.

San. My respects to you Sir, shall prove how much I honour my Ma-
sters Relations.

Enter Lopez with a Gun and Servants.

Lop. Stand clear, make room, or I fire on all.

Ant. What my dear Father, cock't against your Daughters.

Lop. Antonio.

Fel. Yes Sir, and this his Brother, of whom my Sister fully has in-
form'd you, *Lop.* his Brother, *Sil.* yes Sir.

Lop. How got they in?

Sil. Sir, you conducted me hither.

Ant. And this key, by your Daughters Appointment, gave me
admittance.

Lop. Before you oyl the wards well, and keep 'em from Rusting.
But Son in Law, is this really your Brother?

Ant. The very Brother I told you I was in search of, how we have
mist each other here, I know not, but we are met at last, nor shall the
world part us; my Fathers Death ——— I suppose this Lady has gi-
ven you a full Account of ——— my Travels are too tedious for the
present, we'll talk of 'em hereafter, the four thousand Crowns my
Father left, I freely deliver to you, and only contrive some way that
I may purchase this man's meat, and I desire no more.

Sil. Sir, I have a thousand Crowns more in *Don Osavio's* hands,
which shall be put to what my Brother speaks of, and be divided
equally betwixt us, if you think them Recommendations sufficient
to your Daughters Love, we are happy; if not, we must submit,
and curse the Scantiness of our Fortune.

Lop. Sir, you speak worthily; and had ye no fortunes?
So well I like your Principles, I should esteem them Estates of them-
selves. The morning comes fast upon us, the transactions of this night
we'll defer till a more Leisure time; here, take my Daughters, and
use 'em as their behaviour deserves.

Ant. If mine have a Conscience, and will be contented with what
I have; I shall think nothing too much for her.

Fel.

Fel. I expect no volunteers, be just to your Family Duties, that's all I shall look for.

Ant. If I run upon tick Cuckold me——

Fel. Even Reckonings you know, make long Friends, be prudent, for as you use me at first, I shall expect hereafter.

Lop. Well, do you think you'r match'd——

Ant. I'll tell you after the first night Sir.

Sil. Now *Dorothea*, now our fears are ended;
How shall we recompence our Sufferings,
But by excess of Joys.

Dor. Spare my blushes, and take me to your self.

Enter Farmozza.

Far. Sir, here's *Don Octavio* below enquires for *Don Silvio*.

Sil. Entreat him to appear, 'tis my Appointed Guardian, by my Father whilst I inhabit here.

Lop. I desire his presence.

Enter Octavio, runs to Silvia.

Oct. Silvio, I joy to see you safe,

Sil. You see me happier then e're I thought for.

Lop. *Signior Octavio*, you'r an earlier riser——

Oct. Indeed I have not been in Bed this night,
My Soul's disorder'd for *Don Silvio's* safety

Has interrupted all my usual customs;

But since I see him well, I find my self so.

And *Signior Lopez*, if you think him worthy,

As I am sensibly your Daughter does; his family

Is noble, and his Fortune equal to——

Lop. Sir, we are satisfied already.

Sil. Brother pray be acquainted with my friend.

Oct. Is this *Antonio*.

Ant. The same, and in my Brothers interest much obliged to you.

Enter Farmozza.

Far. Sir, I believe the Inhabitants of *Sevill* have been all upon the Ramble to night, for here's *Don Francisco*, *Don Pedro*, *Don Carlos*, and the Lord knows who below.

Lop. Why, they'r welcome, bring'em up, and we'll be friends with all; it shan't be said on such a day, I have enmity with any, if *Francisco* is to be reconciled, I'll refuse no Articles, he shall propose.

[*Enter Francisco.*]

Enter

Enter Francisco.

Fran. Signior Lopez I am come ———

Lop. I know it, and for what too — come Brother, that was to have been ——— if you can forget what's past I shall, your Sons presents shall be restor'd, and I'll present my Cousin *Biancha*, whom I hear he's to marry, with two thousand Crowas for a Suit of dressing Plate.

Fran. Are you in earnest?

Lop. Here's my hand.

Fran. Well, I did ever think thee a good man in the worst of our Quarrels——call up my Son and the Company with him, brother, we'll keep the Name, though we are not, so may we never meet but thus, Oh!

Enter Carlos, Pedro, Biancha.

Oh Boys! Such news, such ample Satisfaction, that his Generosity almost brings tears in my Eyes.

Car. Sir.

Lop. No Complements *Signior Carlos*, all is well.

Car. But here's a Gentleman I've most offended, can you forgive me Sir?

Sil. The joy I have to find you safe, cancels all injuries; and it shall be the future study of my Life to gain your Friendship.

Carl. And mine to shew it Sir—if I am not deceiv'd, this Gentleman was he that rescued you in that unhappy broil.

Ant. I do remember some such bustle Sir,
But knew not 'twas my Brother that I serv'd.

Sil. Was it thy hand *Antonio*, blest'd be thy Arm, and mine that press'd no deeper.

Dor to Bian. Give you joy Couzin.

Bian. I ha't, I hope, if *Carlos* can bestow it.

Ped. Blessings on ye all, Brother *Francisco*, 'tis such a comfort to see our Children thus provided for, that sure no ordinary Joy must wait upon 'em; let's be Luxurious in this Festival, and stretch our strings to make it truly Glorious.

Fran. Stretch! By St. *Jago* I'll turn my baggs inside outwards, till we have purchast the utmost of pleasure.

Sanc. Must I be left out of this joy Sir?

What say'st thou *Farmoxa*?

Ha'st not thou a grumbling towards night?

Far. Yes, if I thought you could perform as well as your Master.

San.

San. I am not so tempted *Fermoza*, but in the dark who knows but *Joan* may be as good as you know the Proverb——

Lop. Come, none shall depart from this house unsatisfied; take him *Farmoxa*, and I'll give you 500 Crowns to begin the world with.

Far. I am at your worships dispose Sir,

Lop. And if thou canst encrease thy Family by her, I'll give thee as much more to provide for it.

San. I warrant you Sir, I have a good Steel and a Flint, if the Tinder will take fire.

Lop. Go run my Servants, and set *Spain* at work to feast our fancies;
Lovers take hands; nay, let the Fathers joyn too, we'll haste to Church,
and see these man and wife, all revel here this day.

Fran. And with me to morrow.

Ped. Mine's the next.

Lop. May nothing interrupt these Lovers Blifs,
But every day prove fortunate as this.

[*Eunt Omnes.*]

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Nokes, Mr. Lee,
and Mr. Mountfort.

Mr. Nokes
pulling Mr.
Mountfort.

Mr. Lee. **N**AY, Prithee come forward and be't so asham'd,
Time enough to be sad, when thou'rt sure thy Plays dam'd;
Nokes. A Player and bashful, 'tis as senseless I'm sure,
As that Vizard should swear they come here not to Whore,
Lee. Or that sharpers wont pay, yet deny they are poor;
'Tis as senseless in us as in some sparks of the Nation,
Who wear Red to shun debts, and pretend 'tis a fashion,
To see 'em strut about in mean conditions,
Despising of want, and cursing Commissions.
Nokes. Ay, or that Vintners should swear, they are pleas'd with the votes
Which oblig'd 'em to sell for the future in Pots;
Why, I may as well pretend to be as wise in the City,
Lee. Why Brother I think in your Trade you are witty,
Nokes. Ay, but that Jest is over, the more's the pity;
Come prithee bear up, and be not so shy,
Mount. Nay Masters I'll swear you make me blush —
Nokes. You Lye.
Mount. Speak but for me this time, I'll desire no more;
Nokes. Well, make your Leg, [Mount. bows to Audi. and Exit.]
Lee. And begone yon Son of a Whore,
Nokes. Well now Master Lee,
Lee. What d'say Master Nokes,
Nokes. Are you ready?
Lee. With what?
Nokes. Your Gibes and your Jokes;
Lee. Mr. Mountfort desir'd you'd speak of his Play,
Nokes. I have been considering, and I don't know what to say;
Lee. Why, they know't, now they have seen't,
Nokes. Ay, and if they like't they may;
There's one thing I'm sure, which none of you know,
Lee. Yes they do; that is, the Play's but so so.
Nokes. Well, mark what I say, and remember it too,
Mr. Lee and my self ——— come Tony let's go.

FINIS.

